Gods of Death and Blood

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One moment of boredom, and Ichigo is sent falling into a whole new situation. Life fibers? talking uniforms? And here he thought being a half-shinigami was the worst of his troubles.

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Chapter 1

(Footsteps are heard as a man walks onto a stage, wearing a plain suit and tie)

Ron: Good evening, morning or afternoon, readers. I am Ron the True Fan, author of many fics in my profile, and co-author to such as *Star Wars Online, Star Trek Frontier* and *SEEDs of Change* . Now, I know. I know EXACTLY what you're going to say. 'ANOTHER fic? Really?' blame Jorn, and the newest anime I've watched: *Kill La Kill* . Then I read *To My Death, I will Fight* . And I kept using my mind to look into it, and went 'Yamamoto could kill Ragyo. Sui-Feng could kill her. Ichigo could kill her *before* he got his Bankai. *Rukia* , for god's sake, could kill her!' And helping me in this task...where the hell is he?

(A screaming is heard from above)

Ron: (Looks up before looking into the camera) Oh, hell. (Jumps to the side)

(A man clad in nothing but his underwear comes crashing through the ceiling and then drops through the stage)

DragonKnightRyu: Ow.

Ron: I would ask why you're nigh-naked, but I would get an Urahara-like answer, wouldn't I?

DragonKnightRyu: (Pops out of the hole in the stage) Pretty much, all I will is that it's a bad idea to play the 'Safety Dance' when hanging out on Olympus.

Ron: ...Ok. Now, we begin this unholy journey into death. Just remember, Ichigo's canon up until... well, you get the idea. That means we will be doing our damnedest to keep him in character. Enjoy!

Ryu: Oh, and FUCK YOU ZEUS THAT WAS A LOVE TAP!

Ichigo Kurosaki was at peace with himself at last. He had his powers back, and he could protect the people he loved. And that was why he was walking into the Urahara Shoten, despite not wanting to deal with Kisuke Urahara's insanity. "Oi, Geta-boshi! Where the hell are you?" He sighed as he entered the candy shop, looking for the geta-wearing madman.

"Ah, Ichigo! Welcome!"

Ichigo stopped as soon as he saw Urahara, who was...slightly smoking. "What in hell's name happened to you?"

Kisuke Urahara simply have one of his wide fooling smiles in response as he waved his ever present fan in dismissal. "Oh nothing to worry about Ichigo, just some harmless experiments with the fabric of space and time is all!" he declared grandly. "How can I help you today?"

"I haven't seen you since that bullshit with Xcution. Figured I'd find out what was going on, make sure you're not doing something as stupid as, say, *making another Hogyoku* ?"

Kisuke pouted, putting his hands at his side. "I'm never going to live that down, am I?"

"Not a chance in hell. You nearly blew up the world with that thing."

"Well no worries about another Hogyoku," Kisuke waved off his concerns. "But, how would you like to help me with an experiment?"

Ichigo rose an eyebrow. "If it involves me losing my powers, I am going to murder you." And Urahara knew Ichigo was NOT kidding. During those 18 months, Ichigo was miserable. No reason to want THAT repeating itself: Karakura was depressing during that time.

"No, no nothing of the sort!" the shopkeeper declared. "Just testing a new way for a living human to travel to the Seireitei without worry about the Dangai!"

Ichigo blinked. "Well, I could use that. Fucking Cleaner..." Urahara felt for him. That unholy monster kept nearly running him over EVERY time he went to the Soul Society.

"Yes, and I plan to use it. Once it works, you can go back and forth, back and forth-"

"Yeah, yeah, where is it?" Ichigo cut off Urahara before the shopkeeper could annoy him further.

"This way~" Kisuke declared before pausing and pulling out an exact copy of his Shinigami badge. "Sorry for borrowing this so suddenly, but it'll be worth it~"

Ichigo sighed. After discovering what the badge's purpose, he was more than a bit angry, but he wasn't exactly a grudge-holding person. "Fine, as long as it works."

"Even better than before!" the Shinigami told him. "I modified it to allow you to manifest Zangetsu in your Human Body, but, due to your Reishi being mixed with your life force, you won't be able to bring your full power forth."

"Oh, good. I can defend myself until I can get out of my body."

"You should be able to handle even Lieutenants in your human body," Kisuke told him as he led Ichigo to the massive underground training room. "Although if you manage to strengthen your Human Body to match your Reishi, then you could probably be able to take on captains and Espada."

"Oh, that's good. I'll have to work on that. So, where the hell is that senkaimon thing?" Kisuke led him into a hidden room, where the device in question was waiting

"No more need for a shinigami to show up just to get you to the Soul Society!" Kisuke declared happily as he moved about, turning dials and switches to activate it. "Ready to take it for a spin?"

Suddenly, Ichigo was reminded of that American show...what was it, Spacegate? Either way, he was reminded of it. "Uh, sure. Haven't talked to Rukia properly since we dealt with Xcution, so what the hell. Let's do this."

Urahara began activating the device. "And here we GO!" He announced as it activated. "Just go ahead and run through and you should be in the Rukongai!" Ichigo nodded as he began to run towards the device and leapt towards it. "That is if it doesn't completely disassemble you atom by atom."

Ichigo gave him a deadpanned look. "If I die, I'm coming back to take you with me." and as Ulquiorra could attest to, death wasn't enough to keep Ichigo down. He just got back up and...it didn't end well. "I guess I'll have to take the chance. Have fun!" Ichigo shook his head as he entered the portal.

Another Universe - a few miles outside of Honno City

A teenaged male wearing an open light blue school uniform jacket with a simple white shirt underneath and a pair of black slack pants, walked through the wasteland that surrounded the spiral shaped city, his short, messy brown hair swaying in the breeze as he walked, his green eyes sharp for any dangers as he held a duffel bag over his shoulder. "Man, it sucks that there's no greenery," he muttered to himself. "Plus it's *so* boring! Why won't anything interesting happen, hell, I'll take a Menos at this point!"

A crackle of lightning was heard above him, and he heard screaming as someone, a man, from the look of things, fell from the... ' *WHAT THE HELL IS THAT GUY DOING FALLING FROM THE SKY?!* ' the walking teen shouted mentally, his eyes bugging out.

"GODDAMN YOU, GETA-BOSHI!"

He tsked as he crouched slightly before leaping, a green light appearing under his feet momentarily before he leapt off of the air, catching the hand of the orange haired teen. "And safe!" the teen called out as he landed safely on the ground, the teen he caught landing on his hands and knees.

The teen, with brown eyes and orange hair, of all things, looked at him strangely. "How the hell..." He looked at his glowing feet. "A Fullbringer. Great."

"What? So, Spiritually aware huh?" the teen commented. "Nice way of greeting someone who kept you from smashing your head in."

"Yeah, sorry, just had a bad experience with Fullbringers recently. Nothin' personal. They just *stole my powers* , and it took my friends to get them back." Ichigo looked at the ground. "Uh, can we talk on the ground? not comfortable talking in midair in my body."

Ryu blinked in surprise (getting powers stolen, and holding a bit of a grudge for it, he could probably understand) as he set them down. As soon as he did, Ryu probed the orange-haired stranger. And was shocked to feel the abyss of power within the teen.

"The *fuck* are you, not even Vasto Lorde Arrancar have as much Spiritual Pressure as you!" he shouted in shock.

Ichigo gave him a flat look. "Ever heard of a shinigami?"

"Uh...kinda." Japanese, yes. Heavily knowledgeable of the spiritual world besides Hollows, not so much.

"I'm a Substitute Shinigami. My name's Ichigo Kurosaki."

"God's of Death have substitutes?" Ryu asked skeptically.

Ichigo shook his head. "No. The term means I'm human, but have the powers of a Shinigami. It's a long story." And an interesting one,

to be sure.

Ryu eyed him skeptically before shrugging. "So, mind explaining the whole falling out of the sky, not something I see every day."

"An asshole that shall not be named made something that was supposed to send me to the Soul Society. Instead, I ended up here. Where the hell am I, anyways?"

"About a few miles outside of Honno City, heading there now," Ryu answered, gesturing to the large spiral shaped city in the distance.

Ichigo closed his eyes. "Geta-boshi... When I get back, I am going to MURDER you." Ichigo looked at Ryu again. "That place doesn't exist where I'm from. I'd think I'd hear of a massive city like THAT."

Ryu raised an eyebrow. "Honno City's pretty famous dude, Honnouji Academy especially, I don't think there's a single person in Asia who *hasn't* heard of it."

Ichigo nodded a few times. "And ANOTHER dimention I've visited. I'm DEFINITELY killing him when I get back. Why is it always me that gets stuck with the weird shit?"

"Try dropping in on a naked Vasto Lorde Arrancar when all you have on is your boxers,"

"Touche, but I get a LOT of weird shit: Hollowfication, actually dying, losing my powers, getting Fullbringer ones and getting THOSE stolen before getting my shinigami ones back... It's been a strange ride."

Ryu raised his eyebrow. "Kinda surprised you're not some kind of Life-Fiber being with that track record."

"The fuck is a Life-Fiber?" And that solidified it for Ryu: Ichigo wasn't from around here. At all. Accidentally dropping in on an Arrancar, he could understand. But that shit, not knowing about Honno City or

Life-Fibers? As semi-ignorant as he was in the events of the spiritual realm, Ryu was sure he would hear about ANYTHING Ichigo just said.

Ryu stared at Ichigo for a moment. "Right, well, this is going to be difficult to explain…" he muttered to himself. "Basically, Life-Fibers are normal threads on Super-Steroids with some Spiritual Energy thrown in, mostly life based energy."

Surprisingly, the only thing Ichigo said was 'that is not the strangest thing I've heard of or seen'. Somehow, Ryu was both curious and not curious all at once. "At least I've got my badge. Might be able to use Zangetsu in my body now, but I'm more secure knowing I can get out and use all my strength if I can."

"Zangetsu?" Ryu asked in confusion. "That the name of some weapon or something? Like the Arrancar's Zanpakuto?"

"Uh...almost the same thing. Same name, too." Ichigo grabbed the slightly tacky looking badge attached to his belt. "Can you...catch me?"

"Catch you?" Ryu asked for clarification.

"Look, I press this thing into my chest, or anywhere, really, it'll push my soul form out of my body."

"Alright, and why are you doing this exactly?"

"Well, Arrancar and Shinigami are different. Best way to show you is to demonstrate, right?" There was a logic in that. And if Ichigo had to show him how a shinigami's zanpakuto was different from an Arrancar's... What was the harm?

Ryu shrugged. "Alright then, go ahead."

Ichigo pressed the badge into his chest, and he seemingly divided like an amoeba. The physical body collapsed, and a soul form

wearing a black and white outfit with wooden sandals and...a VERY big sword appeared. There were tattoo-like markings on his hands and neck, but other then that, there wasn't much of a difference. Except for the power level. Without containment inside his body, it poured outwards.

Ryu blinked and let out a gasp before controlling himself as he stopped himself from collapsing under the weight of the spiritual pressure. "Yo! Get a handle on it unless you want to start drawing an army of Hollows here jackass!"

"Sorry. Never had much of a handle on it: even in my body, I'm always pumping out reiatsu." THAT, Ryu could believe. A howl got their attention before Ichigo grabbed the handle of his sword, cloth seemingly falling off the blade as he placed it on his shoulder. "Well, you wanted to know how a shinigami's zanpakuto is different from an Arrancar's, and you're about to find out."

A rather non-descript hollow emerged from a Garganta, seeing the wellspring of power and charging heedless of danger.

"Fucking stupid low-class Hallows," Ryu muttered as he pulled a pair of collapsible shock batons that crackled with electricity. "No survival instincts."

Ichigo shook his head before the sword glowed in a golden light. "Getsuga Tensho!" A crescent of reiryoku left the blade, impacting the Hollow and vaporizing it.

Ryu hummed as Ichigo returned his blade to his shoulder. "Yup, very similar to the Arrancar's Zanpakuto."

"Mine's a melee-type, constant release. Most Arrancar ones turn them into something like what they used to be before they were turned into Arrancar."

Ryu hummed, rubbing at something on his shoulder. "Don't have to tell me twice, I've experienced them *more* than enough times."

"Well, that can shinigami have spirits. Not sure about Arrancar." Ichigo put the weapon back on his back, then reentered his body. The effect of 'bathing' disappeared, and Ichigo creaked his neck. "That's pretty much it. So, what's this Honnouji Academy about?"

"Well, it's a school that pretty much run by the daughter of Revocs CEO and owner," Ryu explained with a sigh as he put his shock batons away. "And Revocs is the biggest clothing distributor - and the biggest company - in the world, all because they're the only ones who create clothing with Life-Fibers woven in. Honnouji Academy is famous for their Goku uniforms and scaling ranking system, no star students only wear uniforms like mine," he tugged at his open uniform. "These don't have a single thread of life-fibers sewn in, One-Star students are next up in the rankings and are members of clubs, they wear uniforms that are made of 10% life-fibers, two-star students are club captains and their uniforms are 20% life-fiber, finally the three-star students, they're the student council and pretty much run the school because the Student Council President, Satsuki Kiryuuin. Her mother is the head of the School Board, hell, I don't even think there's a Principal…"

Ichigo shook his head. "Insanity seems to love me."

Ryu snorted. "Story of my life," he muttered in agreement as he started to head towards the city, adjusting his duffel bag as he did so. "Word of warning, no stars like myself live in the slums, so if you're expecting five-star room service, good luck with that."

"Rukongai's much the same, from what I've seen, and just as crazy." The substitute shrugged. "Well, maybe Geta-boshi can find me and get my ass back home. Mind if I tag along?"

Ryu shrugged in response. "Sure, but don't expect me to step between you and any *real* Shinigami that show up," he told his fellow teen. "They don't like me as it stands, only reason they tolerate me is 'cause I have some traction with the more powerful Hollows to keep 'em out of the Living World."

"I can handle it. I'm not that much of a dick, but if Hollows start killing people, of hunting down souls, I have to step in. Sort of what my job is: I'm not really allied with the Gotei 13, I just work in Karakura, protecting it."

Ryu shrugged. "Not many Hollows come to the Living World anymore, although we get a few idiots like that one," he informed. "Well… not since the war that is."

Ichigo raised an eyebrow. "What war?" Ryu assumed Ichigo didn't know about the war because it never happened where he was from. A friend of his from out of country called it IDIC: Infinite Diversity in Infinite Combinations. Every universe could be the same, but different. Similarities could be numerous, but the differences made all of them unique.

"Well… the details of it are kinda fuzzy, but, basically, everyone started tossing nukes around," Ryu explained, gesturing to the desolate land around them. "This… is pretty much what the majority of the world looks like, we're only lucky we had the tech to clean up most of the radiation of it."

Ichigo scowled. It seemed to fit his face all too well. "Well, the only nukes to fall on us were the Hiroshima and Nagasaki nukes during the Pacific War." Ryu was glad for that. The less death, the better. "Well, we can't be late for class, can we? Why don't we get moving?"

Ryu snorted. "Classes don't start 'till tomorrow," the Fullbringer told him with a roll of his eyes. "You really think I'd trek across this land on foot just to arrive for the bell?"

"I didn't know." Ichigo started walking, joining Ryu on his trek to Honnouji Academy. And what promised to be one hell of a story to tell when he got back to Karakura and killed Urahara.

Ryuko Matoi was having a bad day. Something massive just came out of the sky and tried to kill her, and her father's scissor blade was

barely cutting it.

Literally AND figuratively. The ugly bastard had a mask and looked like a deformed gorrilla, and was speaking something akin to 'your soul is mine'. And Ryuko was NOT in the mood to die at this thing's hands, not when her father's killer was within arm's reach!

Sudden, she heard the crackle of electricity from around her shortly before a literally horizontal bolt of lightning struck the creature, piercing through the mask of the creature causing it to scream out in an odd echoing voice as it dissipated into thin air.

"Two in one day, huh?" a masculine voice drawled out behind her from where the bolt of lightning came from. "That's rare."

Ryuko looked back, seeing someone just walk over. "Hey, thanks for the help. What the fuck was that thing? Some sorta monster? Mutant caused by the radioactive bullshit?"

"An aspect of death out to consume your soul for nourishment, and possibly turn you into one," the brown haired teen walking up to her explained.

"...the fuck is with this place?" the two toned haired girl asked with a weird expression.

"Yeah, shit like that happens a lot where I'm from." Ryuko's eyes gazed on the other teen, who had orange hair and brown eyes. "also might be my fault."

"Yeah, well, unlike where *your* from, Ichigo, this lands Spiritual Energy is extremely weak, so there's really no reason for Hollows to come here," the other teen commented. "Unless they sense an overpowered soul like yours," he turned his eyes back to Ryuko, meeting her gear shaped iris with a curious look. "I'm Ryu Hisanaga, this here is Ichigo Kurosaki, I'm honestly impressed you managed to even scratch that Hollow."

She put the scissor blade on her shoulder. "Ryuko Matoi. Yeah, my dad made this thing. It's come in handy." Her hand clenched into a fist. Her father might've been a bit distant, but he loved her. And someone killed him for shits and giggles. She was going to find out who. "So, where're you guys headin'?"

"Honno City," Ryu said, jerking his thumb to the spiral shaped city. "I'm enrolled at the school there, this idiots going to try and get in himself."

"Huh. What a coincidence. I'm headin' there, too. I've got something I gotta do there." She put the blade back in her guitar case, and placed it back on her back. "Well, might as well walk there together, right?" A distant howl caught their collective attention.

The orange haired teen groaned in annoyance. "Another one? Damn it, what am I to them: a water fountain?"

Ryu sent him a dry look as he raised an arm, electricity crackling around it as he took aim at the Hollow. "Maybe if you reigned in your energy they wouldn't be able to sense it," he pointed out dryly. " **Tiro Rayo (Flash Shot).** " he intoned before a single streak of lightning streaked the sky, punching through the Hollow, slaying it.

"Not my fault everyone kept trying to kill me and my town and kept me from learning how." Ichigo's eyes widened. "Wait. I might have an idea."

"What idea?" Ryu asked skeptically with a wary eye.

"Raise my reiatsu signature."

"So, let me get this straight, your solution to your overpowered energy is to overpower it even further?" Ryu asked in a deadpan. "If you're planning on doing that whole 'beyond your comprehension' thing, let me remind you of one important thing, while people and Hollows can no longer sense it, it will still have an impact on the Living World, not sure if this happened to you, but I know when I was

younger my energy caused several others to spontaneously develop powers of their own."

"At least it'll delay them from coming for a while. And Ryu...my mother could always see ghosts, while my father was a freaking Gotei captain. Not sure what happened, and I haven't asked." Ichigo explained.

"What the fuck is he talking about, what the hell is he doing, and HOW THE FUCK DID YOU THROW LIGHTNING FROM YOUR HANDS?!" Ryuko exploded, her eye twitching fiercely as she tried to glare the two teens down.

"In that order?" Ryu asked with a blink of his eyes. "First: he wants to hide his signature from the Hollows to stop drawing them here, hopefully before some Menos start showing up, second: he wants to tell the laws of the universe to fuck off because he has power, thirdly, I'm what's called a Fullbringer - long story short I can resonate my soul with things, I resonated my soul with the particles in the air to cause them to create a large amount of friction to create a static charge that I then shot at the Hollow."

Ryuko would have asked questions, but she couldn't breathe. Neither could Ryu. Both were forced to the ground, which, under Ichigo's feet, began to crack. Both of them would have passed out, had the pressure not just...disappeared. "Haven't done THAT willingly before." It only lasted a few moments before they felt it again, and Ichigo tried to lower it to prevent them from getting crushed.

Ichigo was suddenly cut off from his train of thought as he was punched in the face, sending him sprawling as his focus was shot, bringing his energy levels back down *his* normal. "Fucking idiot!" Ryu shouted angrily. "Warn us, you nearly fucking killed her with that sudden increase!"

"Sorry. Not the first time someone nearly died because of that." Ryuko sensed that Ichigo was lying there about the nearly. Someone

DID die. but she was nice enough not to prod, and Ichigo wasn't trying to kill her.

"Yeah, well, unless you can keep us from kicking the bucket, don't do that again. So, are we goin' or not?" she asked irritably.

"Sure," Ryu agreed, picking up his bag, eyeing Ryuko's blade curiously as the trio walked. "Can I see that blade for a moment?"

Ryuko narrowed her eyes at Ryu. "If you can answer a question." "Fine." Her face schooled itself into a picture of rage. "Have you seen the other half of this thing?"

"Can't say I have," Ryu returned with a shrug. "Never seen one like that till now."

"And you, carrottop?" Ichigo's brow twitched at that. "No. I'm not from around here." Ryuko noted the scowl, THEN remembered his crushing POWER. It was like someone placed the ocean on her head. 'Note to self, do NOT piss him off.' She pulled out the scissor sword before handing it over to Ryu. "Here."

Ryu gripped the blade, and instead of giving a few test swings like she expected, he instead closed his eyes and rested his forehead against the flat of the blade.

"What the hell're you doing?"

"I think he's trying to sense the other half of the scissors." Ryuko gave Ichigo a very stupid look.

"Wha?" she asked smartly.

"It's a Fullbringer thing. They can connect to objects if they're spiritually enriched." Ichigo explained quietly allowing Ryu to focus.

"Not the other half of the scissors," Ryu responded as he continued to focus on the one in his hands. "It's been… *changed* , but..." he opened his eyes and stared at Ryuko intently. "Though he only

wielded it for a short period, your father's soul imprinted strongly on this blade."

"Huh?" "What, are you saying that thing's like Zangetsu or something?" Ryuko's interest was piqued by this 'Zangetsu', whatever it was. "The fuck's a Zangetsu? Other than 'slaying moon', that is."

"His Zanpaktou, it's a spirit sword, meant for purifying the souls of Hollows," Ryu explained as he moved the blade away from his forehead. "And no, what it means, is that she has Fullbringer potential, and this… this blade has chosen her."

Ichigo looked at the badge hanging from his belt before Ryuko took back her father's sword. "What the hell are you talking about?! All my father did was MAKE this thing, and he died because of the bitch with the other half!"

Ryu gave her a solemn look as he handed the blade back to her. "Both of those events make it easy for his soul to imprint so strongly upon it, his feelings while making it, his desires while wielding it, it was for *you.* "

Ryuko shook her head, still trying to wrap her head around it. Ichigo let out a sigh. "What about the other half? Whoever's got the other half of this thing isn't using it right if they're both bound to Matoi here."

Ryu nodded. "It is possible to force your will onto an object in order to wield it," he informed. "Rare, but possible, I use a variant myself, I resonate with them, I can have them accept me as a wielder, but not fully choose me."

Ryuko just shook her head. "Look, can we talk about this later? We gotta get to Honnouji Academy tomorrow." Ichigo shrugged, letting her have her peace. And Ryu dropped the subject...for now. They would breach it eventually, and Ryuko was still a bit screwed up by the idea of souls trying to kill her.

Honnouji Academy - Student Council chamber

Satsuki Kiryuin continued to breathe in and out. In and out. Whatever caused her and the rest of the people in the Academy to nearly black out had passed, and thus, she only had one thing to ask. Nonon Jakuzure decided to ask for her. "What the hell was that?!"

"I… I don't know..." the third occupant of the room, Ira Gamagori, admitted slowly as he brought himself back up to a standing position after being driven down to a knee, the only one - other than Satsuki herself - to not completely collapse on the ground, something the Kiryuin Heiress always admired about him, his sheer strength of will.

"It… it isn't related to Life Fibers," the room's final occupant, Hoka Inumuta, revealed as he slowly collected himself, the final member of the Student Council was off running a quick errand when the incident happened.

Satsuki shook her head clear of cobwebs, and stood from her seat, subconsciously clicking her heel on the floor. "Inumuta, find out what that was."

"Yes, ma'am. I will check all of the surveillance equipment in and around Honnouji Academy. Whatever it was had to be close." the doors burst open as Uzu Sanageyama ran in, panting. "Lady Satsuki, did you...feel that pressure?"

"Yes, I did," she confirmed regally as she looked over to the head of the Athletic's Club Committee, and recognized the look in his eyes. "You have information about it?"

"I… think," he informed slowly, a rare showing of indecisiveness from the brash kendo practitioner, as he approached her, placing a file folder on her desk. "It has to do with the student I wanted to show you," he opened the file to a profile with a headshot of a brown

haired, green eyed male teen with a solemn expression. "A new transfer, Ryu Hisanaga, also known as the 'Demon of Okinawa'."

"Really?" Satsuki looked at the photo. He looked unassuming enough. But so did Nui Harime, and she was a psychopathic murderess. "What has he done to garner such attention, and if he is the source of that power... Where did he get it?"

"He… I don't know *where* he got it," Uzu admitted. "No one really does and those that do, they aren't anyone on the radar, he came onto our radar when he also earned that… moniker, have you heard of the Remanent Incident."

Satsuki blinked and raised an eyebrow, the Remanent Incident, as it was called, was when a group of terrorists attempted to reignite the World War, for what reason, no one knew, most just assumed they were just plain retarded, they had managed to get enough armaments to outfit an army, and then, suddenly their suspected base blew up when a massive bolt of lightning struck it. "I had heard of it, but even my mother does not know what ended that faction," she admitted.

"This… is a rumor, so, take it with a grain of salt, but… it's believed *he* ended them, after they killed someone close to him," the Three-Star student explained. "And… they said he called down the lighting to do so."

The rest of the Elite Four burst into exclamations of impossibility. Satsuki, on the other hand, knew better. Life Fibers did insane things at times. It was better to err on the side of caution. "Put him under surveillance. The moment he steps foot in this school, I want eyes on him at all times, along with anyone he comes in contact with."

"Y… yes, Satsuki-sama," Inumuta agreed with a bow before leaving to prepare for it.

"There's something else you should know," Uzu spoke up. "This guy, he… he's a ghost, I've done some research on him myself, but… it's

like he isn't even really there."

'So is Nui Harime.' She kept that to herself. The Grand Couturier was not something they needed right now. "Regardless, if he is a threat, he will be destroyed. If he can be turned into an asset, so much the better."

Honnouji Academy gates

"Well, that's the first time I've ever seen a crucifixion outside of a book." Dry as it was, Ichigo's comment was no less true. A naked body hung outside the school, and there was a wooden plaque attached to him. '"Here lays an enemy of Honnouji Academy. May he serve as a warning to our enemies'."

"Like I said, Satsuki Kiryuin runs this school like a tyrant," Ryu said with an angry frown. "Social Darwinism at its finest folks."

"Huh, and I thought the town was shady." Ryuko marched in, followed by Ryu and Ichigo, but they were stopped by one of the biggest men Ichigo had ever seen. He held a candle to men like Komamura and...Zaraki, though. "Halt! State your identities immediately!"

Ryu looked up at him with a sigh, cracking his neck as he did so. "Ryu Hisanaga," he stated dryly. "Transfer from Okinawa High, my transcripts should have arrived by now."

"Hmph. They have. but the other two..." the massive teenager(?) turned to the remaining two.

"Ryuko Matoi, same. My transcript should've been here awhile ago." Ryuko said with an annoyed scowl.

He turned his gaze to Ichigo. "And you?!" "Ichigo Kurosaki. I'm here to see if you'll take me as a student here at Honnouji."

"Hmph, you think that we will just allow you to walk up an-" Ira's rant was cut short by the ring of his cell phone, causing him to freeze before answering it, "Gamagori speaking," he said, his voice surprisingly polite. "Ah, yes he is here, with two others, one of them another transfer, the other wishes to attend," he paused as he listened. "But he has no transcri-" he was cut off by whoever was on the other side of the phone. "Yes… understood."

He disconnected the call, glaring at Ichigo as he did so. "Very well, you will be allowed to attend Honnouji Academy as a No-Star Student!" he declared before suddenly pulling out a large stack of papers. "Please fill these out to the best of you abilities by tomorrow morning and hand them into me *before* classes start to receive your uniform and Student ID."

Ichigo's eye twitched. While he was no stranger to paperwork, it didn't mean he liked it. "Mind if I borrow a pen?"

Gamagori held out a pen for Ichigo to take. "Return it when you hand in your papers!" he declared imperiously before turning on a heel and stalked away.

"Thanks. Nice guy. Reminds me of a friend of mine." Ichigo grumbled.

"Huh?" Ryu asked smartly.

"Bigger than you, mostly. Chad's actually mostly quiet. can't ask for anyone better to watch my back, other then Rukia or Renji."

"Friends of yours I take it?" Ryuko asked semi-curiously, her eyebrow raising as she folded her arms.

"Yeah. His real name's Yasutora Sado, but I mispronounced it when I met him, and it stuck. Rukia and Renji are Shinigami: members of the 13th and 6th Divisions. Rukia just made it to Lieutenant when I got my powers back, and I was on my way to visit them when I got...side-tracked."

"You mean sent here." Ryu clarified.

Ichigo shrugged. "Same thing, really."

"Wait… sent here? What, you from overseas or something?" Ryuko commented in confusion.

"I'm not from this world. Where I'm from, there wasn't a nuclear war, or whatever the hell caused..." Ichigo gestured to the walls of Honnouji Academy with his arm. "That." Ryuko got the idea: World War III (for lack of a better term) never happened.

"Oh. I'd call you crazy, but I've never seen one of those Hollow things before today, so points in your favor there." Ryuko said with a heavy sigh. "So, where was it we get out housing assignments?"

"Administrative Office," Ryu answered. "I think, although being No-Stars… we may not have much luck."

"Stuck in the slums. Remember that kid we ran into?" Ryuko asked, grinning at the memory.

"The one Ichigo finger flicked into a wall?" Some brat tried to pickpocket all three of them. Ichigo, in his overprotective way, flicked the kid in the forehead and sent him to a wall. Made a nice indent, too.

"Yup," Ryuko drawled, grinning even wider as the little pervert got what he deserved. "So satisfying."

Unknown to them, they were being watched by Inumuta, who was marking all three with interest. "Ryuko Matoi, another transfer student and an unknown male. Interesting." In her seat, Nonon glanced at the image before seeing the two males. "Huh. Nice. About time we got better lookin' guys away here. Who's the carrottop?"

"His name is Ichigo Kurosaki, apparently," Ira Gamagori informed as he joined the pair. "He has a strong aura about him."

Nonon began laughing at the name. "STRAWBERRY?! Seriously?! He's got a girl's name!" the pinkette laughed hysterically at the news of his name.

"I would not mock him so easily." Nonon froze at Satsuki speaking up. "The meaning of the word 'Ichigo' can mean 'First Guardian'. A fearsome name, if understood. Sanageyama." Uzu bowed at the waist at his lady's command. "Milady?"

"I want you to test Hisanaga and Kurosaki. Matoi is irrelevant. Ignore her unless she does something to get in our way." Satsuki commanded.

Sanageyama grinned in anticipation. "As you command, shall I do so now, or tomorrow?" he questioned.

"Tomorrow. They are not official students yet. Let them remain unaware until it is too late." Satsuki Kiryuin had no idea whom she was screwing with. After all, one of them had defeated a man who would be God.

Aikuro Mikisugi looked at the footage he had of the three. Ryu Hisanaga, he had some knowledge of. Ryuko, he knew more. The new guy? Not a damn thing.

"Now this is frustrating," he murmured to himself, how the hell was he supposed to get Ryuko to visit her father's mansion to receive the Kamui that he had woven just for her?

Ryu Hisanaga was at once, both a relieving element, and a worrying one to add on top of that.

Firstly, he was a well known hater of the Social Darwinism line of thought, so that put him immediately at odds with Revocs and

Satsuki Kiryuin, secondly, he was known to be extremely strong with several highly unusual and thought to be supernatural.

The worrying factor, would be his effect on Ryuko Matoi, the daughter to his mentor and dear friend Isshin Matoi, and the founder of Nudist Beach.

Then there was the complete unknown. Aikuro did NOT believe in coincidence. He and just about everyone in Honno town were nearly suffocated, and practically the next day, THIS guy shows up. Besides the orange hair and the scowl on his face that didn't belong on a teenager, there was really nothing special about him. Then Gamagori is given the ok to let him in? Satsuki Kiryuin NEVER did that.

So, it either meant that he already worked for the Kiryuins, or Satsuki was going to attempt to make that happen, neither one boded well for him. ' *I need to get Ryuko to the Kamui, but how?* '

He would, unfortunately, have to play the damned waiting game. But at this rate, that might be a bad idea.

The next day - Honnouji Academy, Class 2K

"Class, I want you to welcome three new transfer students. Please welcome..." The man wearing the tacky sunglasses looked at his clipboard. "Uh, Ichigo Kurosaki, Ryu Hisanaga and Ryuko Matoi." The class didn't respond. Then again, there WAS a missing chair, and a body at the entrance. "Please take a seat-" the teacher was cut off my an excited shouting from one of the students.

"Oh! Ryuko, Ryuko! Sit here!" A brown haired girl with a bowlcut wildly gestured at the empty seat next to her.

Ryu chuckled quietly as Ryuko had a strained look on her face. "Have fun with that, Ryuko," he whispered to her teasingly. "She

looks to be a handful."

"Uh, ok." Ryuko sat down in her seat next to the crazed girl, who introduced herself as Mako Mankanshoku. Ichigo mentally compared her to Orihime, sans rejection powers. "So, we get the chairs in the back. Ok. I can live with that."

Ryu shrugged as he moved to the designated seat, and slouched down into the chair, a bored expression already plastered onto his face. ' *Why did I do this again?* ' he asked himself mentally as the teacher started his lecture on WWII. ' *Oh yeah… the old man asked me to look into it,* '

The Old Man, or Saigura Tenshin as he was known, was Ryu's 'Guardian', rather, he was just an eccentric Fullbringer who took him in when he was orphaned, and taught him the basics for using one's Fullbringer powers, and then *literally* threw him to the wolves for further training.

Ryu never quite forgave the man for that.

But, still, he had taken Ryu in, and it wasn't in him to deny the man's request to look into Life Fibers for him before he had left to deal with some Quincy causing problems over in Germany.

And now, a shinigami had entered his life. Ichigo might've been a substitute, but still a shinigami, and while Ryu could take on a Vasto Lorde, he would be hard pressed to engage someone like this Sosuke Aizen bastard, who, according to Ichigo, LED a small army of Arrancar with a collection of Vasto Lordes at the top. And Ichigo defeated that son of a bitch. Cost him his powers for 18 months, but he got them back. ALL of them. So, while Ryu had more control, he didn't want to fuck with Ichigo, who took down a man who could have been God.

Ichigo, meanwhile, was just taking notes. He was only attending the school until Urahara found a way to get to him. And then Ichigo would beat the shit out of him.

Once they were allowed to leave the class, the three stuck together. "RYUKO!" The black-and-red haired girl ducked when Mako jumped at her, and winced slightly when she hit a garbage can.

"I'll give her a 10 on the approach, but a 2 on the landing. It could use some work." Ichigo joked with a grin.

Ryu snorted slightly. "Your an excitable one," he commented as he looked the girl over, other than said energy, she was rather… unremarkable.

"Oh, why did you dodge?! You were supposed to catch me!" Off to the side, Ichigo looked at Ryu.

"She reminds me of a friend of mine. And someone who used to molest her. always jumped at her before me or Tatsuki punched her in the face."

"Wow… that's some weird friends you got there," Ryu returned with a chuckle. "A true test of your sanity?"

"My father is a test of my sanity. He constantly attacks me in the morning, that says 'I have nothing left to teach you'. Right before doing it all over again. Tempted to just Getsuga Tensho him in the face just to get him to piss off." A bright light caught their attention before Ryu could respond, and all of the students bowed before it.

All three looked up at the shining light as a teen girl with long black hair and some of the largest eyebrows seen on a face began descending down to the ground from where she was on the school's rooftop. "Who's the one that's so full of herself?" Ryu asked as he eyed her, cursing the fact he left his duffel bag back in his locker, his duffel bag filled to the brim with his gear and weapons, especially when he eyed her sword.

"Oh, that's Lady Satsuki! She's the head of the student council!" Ichigo tapped the badge on his belt. Ryu nearly forgot about that.

Ichigo was a literal god of death: if need be, he could cover for Ryu until he got his equipment. And during her speech, Ichigo noted something. "She seems...stressed. Like she's putting on a performance that she doesn't want to do."

"Hmm," Ryu hummed noncommittally, shifting his feet in preference to move quickly when he was suddenly caught off guard by Ryuko leaping out into Satsuki's path.

"So, you're the queen bee 'round here?" Ichigo facepalmed. Ryuko was more impulsive than HE was. And that's saying something. She dropped the case to the ground before pulling out the scissor blade and spinning it around in her right hand multiple times before pointing it directly at Satsuki. "So, are we going to keep her from getting herself killed, Hisanaga?"

Ryu closed his eyes before shaking his head. "This is something she needs to do," he told Ichigo. "Unless she's in danger, I won't be stepping in."

That went against everything Ichigo was, and Ryu knew it. Ichigo was a protector: his name was proof enough of that. To not step in when a friend was in danger? The thought never even crossed his mind when that happened. "The bastard who murdered my father's got the other half of this scissor! And the look on your face says you've seen it before!" Satsuki narrowed her eyes at the transfer student. She looked vaguely familiar, and not from the photos. "And what if I have?"

Ryuko gnashed her teeth in anger as she glared at Satsuki. "Then I'll make you talk!" she shouted angrily before charging the white clad student council president.

She didn't see the fists coming at her from the Boxing Club President, which launched her out of Honnouji Academy. "FUUUUUCCCCCCK!"

Mikisugi hmmed as he watched from his office. "What do you know, Satsuki did my job for me."

Ichigo nearly pressed the badge to his chest, the temptation to use ***Tensa*** Zangetsu on Satsuki and her cohorts now overwhelming.

He was stopped, however, by Ryu gripping his arm tightly, shaking his head in a negative before he stepped forward to himself, the entire exchange lasting the time it took for the Boxing Club President to introduce himself as Takaharu Fukuroda.

"Wow~," Ryu drawled in a manner that made Ichigo think of a certain blond shopkeeper. "Look at that Kiryuin bribe money at work, letting you fight in legal boxing matches with that," he remarked in a bored tone as he inserted himself between Ryuko and the boxer. "I mean, those gloves are so illegal it *hurts* ."

"The fuck you say, No-Star?!" the boxer shouted angrily.

"Enough. the troublemaker has been dealt with. Do not instigate another fight, Ryu Hisanaga. You are upon my grounds. Do not make trouble." Satsuki commanded, cutting off Takaharu before he could continue.

"Aw, what's the matter?" Ryu taunted. "Don't like the truth about what you do with Mommy's money coming to the forefront, man, no wonder people have given up on High School sports, it's become less about skill and more about who has more money, like you, Kiryuin-sama," he spat out her name as if it were a curse. "Your so called elites can only fight because of those uniforms, they're just pathetic."

"I know when to pick my battles, Hisanaga. And you are not worth my time." Satsuki wanted nothing more than to put Ryu in his place, but there was no need just yet. "Try not to earn my attention again today. I may simply unleash the Elite Four on you."

Ryu snorted, a lazy grin etched on his face before he reached over and gripped Ryuko's arm. "They wouldn't stand a chance," he declared. "For only a real Human can defeat me, not some ape in clothing," he then disappeared with a low booming noise.

Satsuki spun on her heel, no longer interested.

Matoi Mansion - several hours later

Ryuko felt like shit. One guy kicked her ass, sending her flying out of the Academy. "Damn it!" She stabbed the scissor blade into the ground, seemingly broken. "Dad, I'm sorry. I...Couldn't find the bitch that killed you. I couldn't even get close to getting the answers I wanted."

Unseen by her, Aikuro was hidden behind some rubble, watching the girl as he held up a remote with a single button, pressing it the floor under Ryuko suddenly opened up causing her to pale severely before letting out a scream as she fell.

"WHAT THE FUCK?!" She banged against the chute a number of times before landing in a pile of rags in the mansion's basement. "The hell was that?" She winced at the wet feeling along her arm. She was bleeding again: the fall must've torn open the cut she got from that boxer asshole, Fukuroda. "What the hell is this place?"

" **Blood…** " a masculine voice murmured somewhere near here.

She got to her feet, holding the scissor in a guard position. "Who's there?!" She wasn't sure what was worse: the cut or the fact she was going crazy, because there was no one down there other than her.

" **Give me more... GIVE ME MORE!** "

"GAH!" Ryuko screamed out as something black and red colored leapt out of the pile of rags and clothing to slam her against the wall,

forcing her eyes to open she then laid sight to what was pinning her to the wall.

A sailor fuku.

What?

" **Give me more of your blood! I don't want to go back to sleep again!** " the piece of clothing shouted out desperately.

"WHAT THE FUCK?! How the hell is a sailor fuku TALKING?!" Ryuko questioned as she thrashed against the clothing's somehow powerful grip.

" **That's not important! Put me on! PUT ME ON** !"

Ryuko tried to struggle against the seemingly living outfit, but that wasn't happening. "GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME!"

" **I'll make you wear me with all my might!** " the clothing cried out as it managed to tear Ryuko's clothing off her body.

"WHAT THE HELL?!" She continued to scream as light enveloped her, and she was forced to wear the outfit. THEN it changed, turning into...for lack of a better term, skimpy underwear.

"What the hell is with these clothes!?" Ryuko asked a she tried to tear the clothing off of her body, only to suddenly rocket up into a corner of the ceiling, crashing into it… completely unharmed.

" **Ah, FINALLY** ."

She glared at the outfit she was now wearing. "What the hell ARE YOU? And what the hell is with you and my blood?!"

The 'eye' seemingly looked at her, almost like a kicked dog. " **Your blood woke me up, and I do NOT want to go back to sleep. And the only way to keep that from happening is by you wearing me.** "

"What the hell are you doing in my old man's basement?! And what the hell is this place?" Ryuko asked in confusion, just what the *hell* was her father into?

" **I do not know,** " the clothing in formed. " **I am a Kamui created by your father, but… as soon as I was created he sealed me down in here and told me that eventually the one to wear me will make her way down here.** "

Ryuko had an idea about who made this thing, but she wanted to make sure. "Your creator?"

" **He was hunched, wore a white lab coat, an eyepatch, unkempt long hair, and a mouse on his shoulder.** "

"That's my dad!" Ryuko shouted in confirmation.

" **Ah...that is so.** "

Ryuko grabbed her scissor blade. "So, what's your name?"

" **I… do not have a name,** " he admitted. " **Your father never gave one to me before he sealed me away.** "

She grabbed a piece of cloth, wrapping it around her like a cloak. "Then how about Senketsu? It means 'Fresh Blood', since that woke you up. I think that fits."

" **Senketsu… yeah… I am Senketsu,** " the Kamui confirmed, if it had a head it certainly would have been nodding at the time.

Ryuko smirked. Fukuroda didn't stand a chance in hell now. "come on, I think we've got a date with a fight."

Honnouji Academy

Ichigo averted his eyes from the sight, and not because it was barbaric and stupid. But because Mako was almost naked hanging upside down. to make matters worse, she was bitching about 'not wearing her sexy panties today'. Her priorities were VERY skewed.

"Before you go rushing in hero boy, there won't be a need to do anything," Ryu told Ichigo with a hard look.

Ichigo's look could have killed lesser people. "They'll kill her if we do nothing!" On the other side, Mataro Mankanshoku was thinking the same thing. but he was stopped by a lady in a cloak.

"You're late, Ryuko," Ryu whispered as the cloaked Ryuko busted onto the stage and freed Mako before standing before the Life-Fiber wearing boxer. "You mean to tell me you didn't feel that Spiritual Pressure not to long ago, Ichigo?"

"I suck at sensing things, ok? It's not my strong suit."

"Hey, Fukuroda! Why don't you pick on someone your own size?!" The Two-star President launched a barrage of fists at Ryuko, laughing as he did. "HA! Survive that!" It did nothing but shed her cloak, revealing her...rather *revealing* outfit. Ichigo covered his face to avoid looking and blushing his face off.

"Oi oi, Ichigo, you sense that?" Ryu asked as he narrowed his eyes.

"Barely. I'm not a sensing person." He looked at Ryuko, ignoring the outfit as best he could. She DID have power, though. As much as his senses weren't focused, he did estimate her power as high as a fourth seat: maybe those two morons from the 13th Division would be a match for her. But not Ikkaku, and certainly not Renji.

Ryu grinned widely. "It's mimicking a Clad-Type Fullbring, Matoi, no wonder that name was so goddamn familiar!" he said with a small laugh. "Isshin Matoi was a Fullbringer."

"Yeah, but it feels like it's not coming from her. More like from..." Ichigo's head comically went to his side. "Her outfit?!"

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU WEARING?!" the boxer shouted scandalized.

"Look, it's not like I have a choice!" Ryuko defended herself, her face red with embarrassment.

"You slut! Well, if you're going to be naked, so will I!"

Ryu's eyes widened. "Oh dear god no," he whispered, horrified at the thought. "If you do I will *end you!* "

He did. As someone will later note, it was a mistake. Ryuko roared and began beating the holy fuck out of Fukuroda. "A right jab!" Her fist made contact with his face. "And a left hook!" The boxer was sent flying, but not far enough as she charged at him, wielding the scissor. "Take this, you sick bastard!"

Fukuroda screamed in panic as the scissor sliced through his uniform, shredding it to pieces to the shock of everyone present, and in their state of shock they completely missed the uniform's Banshi being absorbed by Ryuko's new outfit.

"Saying this now, Ichigo, I *will* be the one to teach her," Ryu told the orange haired teen with a gleam in his eyes. "Dear god she is a natural."

"Meh." A small amount of blood went flying in Satsuki's direction, blocked mostly by the student body. But it didn't stop all of it as some made contact with her cheek. The Elite Four were horrified, but Satsuki remained calm. "Where...did you get that outfit, Ryuko Matoi?"

Ryuko kicked the microphone into her hands. "I got it from my dad... and you're goin' to tell me who the fuck killed him, SATSUKI KIRYUIN!"

Ron: Well, ending at the same point as Episode one. That's a good thing, ri-

(Building shakes)

Ron: Oh, son of a BITCH.

(A thunderbolt crashed through the roof as Tom drops in.)

Tom: Zeus, get some glasses cause your aim sucks!

Ron: Damn it, now I have to get this place fixed again! The IRS is going to have my ass for...

(A wall collapses as Kenpachi Zaraki enters)

Zaraki: Where's Ichigo?! He still owes me a fight!

Tom: Hey! Zaraki, ever want to fight a god?

Zaraki: ... The fuck do you think?

Ron: He's up there, ruining my theater!

(Zaraki cackles as he leaps out of the ruined building, charging at the god of lightning)

Ron: What the hell, man? this place gets trashed more than the Yellow Flag!

Tom: Well, there is one thing we can do.

Ron: And that would be? There's no way I can Zaraki-proof this place.

Tom: (Pulls out a beer and popcorn) Watch and sell tickets.

Ron: Good idea. I might break even.

Ja Ne!

Chapter 2

Ron: Welcome back, readers, to the newest-

(The theater begins to collapse around itself due to lightning strikes and Zaraki's presence)

Ron: Just lovely. And here I thought I wouldn't have to fix this place.

Tom: (Walking around waving a pack of tickets) Tickets here, get your tickets to the greatest death match yet! Zaraki Kenpachi versus the God of Lightning and Thunder, Zeus, we are also taking all bets, 4-to-1 odds in the favor of Zeus!

Ron: Oh, dear god. At least I don't have to worry about anything else. Enjoy the-

(Lightning strikes Ron)

Ron: FFFFFIIIIICCCCC!

Honnouji Academy

Ryuko stared down Satsuki who looked down upon the red and black scantily clad teen. "Make me, you say?" she question in amusement. "I find that to be… unlikely."

"Don't mock me, you bitch!" She fell to her knees, not knowing that her shame wearing Senketsu like that was draining all of her blood.

" **Ryuko, you can only stay conscious for a few more minutes!** " Senketsu warned worriedly.

"Then stop drinking all my blood so fast!" Ryuko demanded.

"Well! I think that will be enough for today, don't you, Kiryuin?" Ryu announced loudly as he stepped into the boxing area, standing between Ryuko and Satsuki. "After all, it's been a fairly exciting day all around."

"Yes, it has. Lick your wounds, Matoi. Your struggle is just beginning." At that, Ryuko finally collapsed, and her outfit changed into a simple sailor fuku, albeit a navy blue one. And Satsuki could not shake the feeling that Matoi looked familiar, somehow. She would focus on that later: Hisanaga and Kurosaki were going to be tested soon.

"Come on Ryuko, let's get you somewhere safer," Ryu said as he threw one of her arms over his shoulder to help balance her.

Ryuko glared at Satsuki, standing on her pedestal. But the Kiryuin heiress did nothing but glare back, in slight thought.

The first thing Ryuko felt when she woke up was heavy breathing. A man was laying on top of her. And there was no way in HELL she was taking that.

"GRAH!" Ryuko shouted angrily as she managed to get her legs curled up to her chest and unleashed the mother of all double kicks to the face of the man laying over top of her, sending him flying to the wall. "Who the hell are you? Where the hell am I? Where is Senketsu?"

"Oh, you're awake!" Ryuko looked around, seeing Mako. "Mako? this is your house?" "Yup! and the guy you clocked is my dad!"

Ryuko felt a pang of regret, but from the way he acted, she decked a major pervert, so it faded.

"How did I get here?" she asked. "Last thing I remember was Ryu carrying me away from Honnouji Academy…"

"Oh, he did, but I told him my dad was a doctor, and-"

"I get it. I get it." She cracked her neck. "Where ARE Ryu and Ichigo, anyways? Are they here?"

"Umm… Ryu is on the roof, I think," Mako informed after a moment of thought. "And Ichigo hasn't shown up yet!"

"The hell is keeping him?"

"WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU PEOPLE?!" Knives, broken bottles, BBs: those were just some of the projectiles coming Ichigo's way. Some asshole named Sana-something or other had apparently given them free reign on trying to take Ichigo down. To say they were succeeding...

"My leg!"

Was a gross exaggeration. Ichigo was more then used to shit chasing him around. He'd done it during his invasion of the Seireitei, dealt with it during the numerous incidents afterwards and he was sure that Xcution didn't put him through that because they knew he would pass with flying colors. That being said, it was time to go on the counterattack.

"Eh, it's probably nothing," screams of pain wailed out in the distance as Ryuko spoke. "Probably, anyways, what about the clothes I was wearing, where are they?"

"Oh! After we got them off of you, Ryu took them, said he needed to check something out about them!" Mako explained.

"Right, thanks, Mako," Ryuko said with a thankful smile as she moved to go up to the roof.

"Thought that was you kicking someone," Ryu commented as Ryuko climbed up to the roof. "How are you feeling? You had lost a lot of blood there."

"Yeah, I feel sorta light headed, but otherwise, I'm good." Another scream was heard from outside. "Where's Senketsu?"

Ryu gestured to where the uniform was hanging off a pipe. "You father was a brilliant man," he informed with an impressed hum. "To think he could create something that so completely mimics a Clad-Type Fullbring…"

"Uh...Fullbring?" An explosion was heard in the distance, along with Ichigo's voice. "PISS OFF!"

"Yeah. A Fullbring is the power to draw the essence from an object, and use it as your own. It's similar to that used by hollows, and most Fullbringers have parents that were attacked by Hollows and survived, with that power being inherited."

Ryuko blinked. "I don't get it."

"Basically, well… perhaps it's best I just show you," Ryu explained as he stood up from where he had been sitting and pulled out a pair of gloves. "These… these are quite special to me, a gift from a friend who passed away, someone who got me started in martial arts in general, these, were the second Fullbring that I awakened, and achieved Full Resonance with," he pulled on his glove. "And this is what happened when you do."

" **Raijin no Ifuku (Raiment of the Lightning God)** !" Ryu shouted as lightning began to imit from his body, wrapping around it, solidifying into what looked to be simple tunic and pants, with a pair of intricately carved gauntlets and greaves, showing bolts of lightning, his lower face was covered by a cloth mask that was attached to a helmet that also had lightning bolts carved into it. "This is a Fully awakened Clad-Type Fullbring."

"That's almost like Senketsu! Well, other than... being almost naked." WHY the hell she had to be naked to wear it as a weapon, she didn't know: with so much exposed skin, it was easy to injure her. A full set of armor would be more effective.

Ryu shook his head in response. "It's the other way around," he explained in response. "Your father's name, it was Isshin, right?"

Ryuko nodded. "Yeah. Isshin Matoi." She scowled almost like Ichigo. son of a bitch who killed him was going to PAY. "What about it?"

"Your father… he was a well known Fullbringer," Ryu answered slowly. "He was famous for developing several theories on Fullbringer capabilities and he was the one who figured out that Fullbringers could resonate with more than one item."

"Huh? But... why didn't he tell me any of this? I mean, I spent most of my life in boarding schools, but that's something really important!" A long scream was heard as a stupid idiot flew overhead.

Ryu sighed. "Fullbringers, are beings of spiritual strength, but… as we gain more power, the more Hollows that are drawn to us," he explained with a heavy look on his eyes. "And they are only one of the threats that face us."

"You guys have a lot of power. What the hell could threaten you?" Ichigo jumped on top of the house, looking VERY annoyed. "I've had a hundred assholes attacking me. The only thing that kept me from using Zangetsu was the fact that I don't want them dead."

Ryu snorted. "Shinigami are one of the threats," he told Ryuko, pointing to Ichigo who blinked in confusion. "They hate anything that can prove to be a challenge to them, the only reason they have really tried to wipe us out is because we've mostly kept our heads down and those that don't… well there's a reason they're not worried, finally there's the Quincy… fucking pricks."

"Quincy?" Ryuko asked in confusion, tilting her head slightly.

Ichigo planted his ass on the roof. "Human archers using spirit bows. They destroy Hollows instead of purifying them. Gotei 13 aren't that fond of them, either: somethin' about soul balance and the Quincies throwing it outta wack."

"Don't know about that Bullshit, but they're alive and thriving and believe themselves to be Crusaders of God or something," Ryu explained with a bitter look. "Thankfully, we have an edge over them, as our powers are based off of Hollows, which the Quincies, and their life based energies are weak to."

Ryuko didn't really get it, but she didn't need to. If this power helped her avenge her father, there really wasn't much she cared about. The fucker that killed Isshin Matoi was going to pay.

Honnouji Academy

"You must be joking." Sanageyama shook his head. "I'm sorry, milady, but Kurosaki just...brushed them off. He got cut a little, but otherwise, the clubs sent to test him were obliterated." Satsuki was not happy about that. Ryu Hisanaga was enough of a threat with his own powers. Kurosaki doubled the number of headaches, if not tripled. Matoi was little more than an annoyance at best, a major distraction at worst.

"What have we learned from the attempts to put Kurosaki to heel?" She questioned as her eyes began to narrow.

"He's very capable in hand to hand combat," Sanageyama informed with a frown. "Not once had he pulled out his weapon or anything, he also seems to be able to do that strange speed movement as Hisanaga."

Satsuki tapped Bakuzan in a form of comfort. Hand-to-hand would end in her victory. "Continue preparations. I want Hisanaga and Kurosaki either neutralized or put to use. We have a campaign to

plan." A campaign, yes, but not to conquer the schools. To kill that bitch of a mother of hers, Ragyo Kiryuin.

"Yes, Satsuki-sama!" the four three-star students responded, saluting in their own way.

The next day

Ryuko Matoi had suffered many things in life. Seeing her father die, forced to wear the skimpiest outfit she knew of, fighting a boxer. Getting knocked out by a fuckton of tennis balls? That was a new one. She gasped as she woke up, then noticed that she was slightly cold.

"Finally awake, Matoi-kun?" A familiar voice asked.

It was Mikisugi-sensei, and he was smiling. he stripped her down. Thus, only one result could happen.

"PERVERT!" Ryuko shouted in panic as she looked around rapidly before spotting and grabbing ahold of her Scissor Blade and made an attempt at grievous harm on her teacher.

"Hold it!" He held up a white hanky. "I didn't strip you for the sake of stripping." he pulled out a needle and threw it, making her freeze as it hit a nerve bundle.

"The fuck did you do to me?!" Ryuko asked angrily as she tried to move her immobile muscles.

"Oh, just an acupuncture needle. Now, your blood's getting hot, isn't it?"

"Damn straight it's hot, hot with the desire to *murder* you!" Ryuko roared.

He pulled out a hypodermic needle before stabbing it into Ryuko's arm. He would've, if he didn't feel a sword put to his neck. "Put the needle away. NOW." Mikisugi looked back to see Ichigo, holding a massive blade and he was in a mood to use it.

"Ichigo, calm the fuck down," another voice made the spy turn to see Ryu lounging on the windowsill. "He ain't here to hurt her, are you, Nudist Beach?"

Mikisugi flinched at the mentioning of those two words, and Ichigo did not withdraw his blade. "Son of a bitch takes her, and you're telling me not to try and protect her? What the hell is WRONG with you?"

"Hey, hey, relax!" He stabbed the needle into Ryuko's arm, drawing a few milliliters of blood before drawing it back and spraying it on Senketsu.

" **BLOOD!** " Senketsu cried out happily as the blood was absorbed by the uniform. " **Huh? Where am I?** "

Ichigo unhappily withdrew the sword. Ryuko blinked as she remembered that cleaver. It was Ichigo's zan-whatever, Zangetsu. "I thought you had to be out of your body to use that."

"Geta-boshi gave me something that lets me use it before he sent me here. So, jackass, want to explain what the hell you were thinking bringing her here? Ryu or I could've gotten her out of there."

Mikisugi removed his glasses as he pushed back his hair, for some reason sparkles were surrounding him as he removed his tie. "I needed to teach Matoi-kun about her Kamui," he revealed dramatically. "After all, it didn't respond to you when you tried to activate it against the Tennis Club, correct?"

"Yeah, he just...stopped. Didn't even hear him talk all day." "That's because he needs your blood to fully awaken, and the pores on your skin can't supply enough of it." The teacher's shirt began to undo

itself...until Ichigo put the blade back to Mikisugi's neck, this time at his throat.

"Keep yourself decent. She might be rude at times, but there's a lady here!" Ichigo screamed out, his face blushing.

"I take it you have a way to rectify that?" Ryu asked curiously, unfettered by the attempted stripping.

Mikisugi chuckled nervously. Ichigo wasn't kidding: that blade was too close TO be bluffing. "uh...not really. does it on its' own. I made it myself!" That didn't please Ryuko. Ichigo, infinitely LESS, as he saw a slight blue glow to the blade. "but I can try!"

Fear was an epic motivator, no?

Ryu sighed as he climbed off the window sill and pushed Zangetsu away from Mikisugi's throat. "Ichigo, don't kill a person who will be our ally," he told him sternly. "So, what's this item you have to help Ryuko out?"

Mikisugi scrambled away from Ichigo, who clearly wasn't a fan of nudity. Then again, he wasn't a fan of Satsuki, so he could live with that. "Right... Can you, uh, keep him away from me?"

"Depends. Are you going to automatically strip every time we need information?" Ryu asked dryly, raising his eyebrow.

"uh...point taken." He pulled out a glove, which had a wrist bangle with a pull-out pin. "This will let Ryuko use Senketsu any time she wants, so long as she has the blood."

Ryuko accepted the glove, trying it on. "So, I have to use this to give Senketsu my blood, huh?" she asked as she examined it.

" **Ryuko, so long as you are able to provide me blood, I won't fall asleep and I can fight alongside you,** " Senketsu said in a solemn tone.

Ryuko grinned. "Well, now. I think we've got a chance against Satsuki Kiryuin!"

Satsuki was slack jawed at the sight. Mikisugi might've thought himself not under surveillance, but that was folly. but that moron's lack of modesty was not her concern. The *big fucking sword* in Kurosaki's hands *was* . Sanageyama was gaping alongside her. "H-how the hell did we miss THAT?!"

"I… I don't know," Sanageyama answered in shock. "Such a massive weapon, it would be almost impossible to hide…"

An oversized khyber, with hints of a combat trench knife and a leather wrapped hilt and a chain at the bottom. Yes, that WOULD be impossible to miss. Yet they DID miss it. and that set Satsuki off. She had no choice. "I am heading to my mansion."

Nonon blinked in confusion. "L-Lady Satsuki?"

"I need a weapon to fight Kurosaki now. And there is only one that I can think of." She spoke of a Kamui. Kamui Jenketsu.

"Y… yes, Lady Satsuki, we shall mind the school in your absence," Gamagori assured. "Shall we prepare anything in particular?"

"Continue operations; particularly, testing Matoi. And on my return...I will face Kurosaki in combat. And we will see who is the strongest."

At Satsuki left the Academy, the Elite Four were uneasy. Kurosaki wielded that sword as if it were lighter than air. as if it were a part of him. And continued footage confirmed that his blade disappeared somehow. Inumuta could not explain it. but Sanageyama didn't care about that.

A swordsman, an honest to god swordsman, it made his fingers itch for his shinai, to challenge him, but, unfortunately, Lady Satsuki

declared him to be her opponent, that left him with Ryuko Matoi - who he felt was still far too inexperienced to provide a challenge - and Ryu Hisanaga, who didn't seem to even use weapons at all, but, by large his skills remained unknown.

"I do not like this." All eyes were on Gamagori. While he ranked low on the combat scale (only those who provoked him got their asses handed to him) he WAS an experienced combatant. "Kurosaki has the feeling of a warrior whose skills have been tested. I fear that even Lady Satsuki cannot defeat him. That even the mountains don't have a chance."

"Satsuki-chan *will* win," Nonon declared without hesitation. "She never loses, to *anyone* ."

Gamagori wanted to agree. His lady had never lost. But Kurosaki was someone to watch out for. He knew better then to make the ultimate assumption that Satsuki was unbeatable. Ramses, Caesar, Charlemagne, Lee, Rommel, Patton: all of them were great leaders, generals and warriors in their own right, and Satsuki Kiryuin was well on her way to joining them. But they WERE defeated during their time: Ramses at Qadesh and Rommel in Africa, for example. This may go down in history as Satsuki's first defeat. "We cannot see into the future, Jakuzure. And Kurosaki makes me uneasy. I hope for Satsuki-sama's victory, but we must be prepared if she is defeated." Sanageyama snorted while Inumuta looked at Gamagori in respect. "Gamagori, that is uncharacteristically prudent of you." Gamagori snorted. "Out of us all, I am the only one to speak and interact with Kurosaki. I have reason to be prepared for Kurosaki's possible victory."

"There's another factor, Hisanaga and his supposed 'supernatural' abilities," Inumuta pointed out. "We have a rough basis of Kurosaki's abilities to start making assumptions, but, other than hearsay, nothing on Hisanaga's, and none of the one-stars we've sent out to fight him have even encountered him."

It really was strange, they could have him on video *watching* him as they directed the groups of one star students, but even with explicit direction, they could never find the teen who simply just appeared to vanish around a corner and the microscopic gaps between cameras.

"So, you sure you want to do this, Ryuko?" Ryu questioned as he, Ryuko and Ichigo gathered on the roof of the Mankanshoku 'Clinic'. "I mean, don't get me wrong I *want* to train you, but the quick path you want… it *can* maim or kill you."

Ryuko gave the Fullbringer a stern look. "Yes I'm sure!" she shouted angrily. "Satsuki knows, or *is* , the one who killed my father and I will be *dammed* if I don't get that information from her!"

Ryu sighed, exchanging a look with Ichigo who grimaced in remembrance from his own training, before looking back to Ryuko and nodding. "Alright then," he agreed finally. "But, we won't start it tonight," he gave her a stern look as she opened her mouth to protest. "Ryuko, in order to use your powers, you must understand them."

" **What is there to understand?** " Senketsu spoke up, his one 'eye' looking at Ryu intently. " ***I* am Ryuko's power, what else does she need?** "

"To understand how the power works and how to draw upon it," Ryu answered immediately. "Senketsu, I mean you no offense, but the stronger she is without your power, the more powerful she will be when she *does* draw upon it."

That seemed to mollify the Kamui as it settled down, allowing Ryu to continue.

"Fullbringers have been around as long as Hollows have been, and they have been around as long as Humans have," Ryu began his explanation, settling himself in for a long conversation. "They developed differently different countries," he drew out a rough world

map on a piece of paper, dividing it into several sections and pointed at the Americas. "The Native Aboriginals of the Americas had Rainmen and Shamans, the Africans had their Medicine Men, India and some of the neighbouring countries actually had the largest concentration of Fullbringers, mostly monks of assorted orders, here in Japan we had the second highest concentration, the primary ones being Onmyouji.

"These origins have highly influenced how Fullbringers have developed," Ryu continued. "Fullbringers here in Japan act as guardians against evil spirits, what we know as Hollows today, Demonic entities and while at one point in time we were against the Youkai, nowadays they are our strongest ally, especially the Tengu, Kitsune, Nekomata and Inugami Clans."

"Wait, they exist?" Ichigo and Ryuko asked in shock as they stared at Ryu.

The Fullbringer nodded in confirmation as he pulled out a slip of paper with a pentagram and several Kanji written in the center. He then held it between his fingers in an odd position. "Sanae no Tamamo, as per the terms of our contract, I ask of you to come forth and support me." He chanted as his power swirled around him.

A pentagram began to form on the ground before him, the floor itself seemed to ripple as a figure rose up out of it. It was unmistakably female - hard not to be with breasts that would have rivaled Rangiku Matsumoto and wearing a rather revealing lush green floral print kimono, but what really caught their attention were the nine waving, rust orange, white tipped fox tails sprouting from her tailbone and a pair of similarly colored fox ear perking up from atop a long mane of wavy orange hair that fell down her back, reaching to the base of her tails.

"Sanae no Tamamo has arrived!" The obvious kitsune shouted out merrily as she struck a pose, winking her reddish-gold colored eyes as she did so. "So, whose ass am I kicking today Ryu?"

Ryu waved his hands in dismissal. "No asses needing to be kicked today," he told her. "Just wanted to introduce these two to you, giving them a crash course in the living world supernatural elements."

"Ah!" Sanae exclaimed as she turned to face Ichigo and Ryuko curiously. "Pleased to meet you, I am Sanae no Tamamo, tenth generational decendant of the Tamamo Kitsune Clan, never thought I'd see a *living* Shinigami in my lifetime."

"Uh, technically, I'm not a real shinigami." Ichigo held up the badge on his belt. "Human being with shinigami powers. A substitute, if you wanna get into it."

Sanae more deeply sensed Ichigo's power, sensing that, while Ichigo indeed had the powers of the Japanese psycocomps, the real base was *human* .

And rarely do the shinigami make living beings do their dirty work.

"Odd that the Shinigami would allow a human to run around with their power," Sanae murmured before shaking her head. "Oh well, no matter," she turned her gaze to Ryuko who squirmed under her gaze. "Interesting, you plan on teaching this one, Ryu?"

"She wants me to," Ryu informed with a nod. "The fast way too."

"I'll tell Yuki-chan to get ready to be summoned then," Sanae replied with a vicious grin. "The ones who want the fast way always end up being bleeders."

Ichigo rolled his eyes at the unwanted reminder to his own training methods.

Wasn't his fault that everyone wanted him dead NOW and there wasn't time to learn safely.

"So, how come the shinigami don't show up here? I mean, souls turn into Hollows most of the time when they don't pass, and that's

usually a shinigami's job."

The kitsune scoffed in a haughty way that reminded him, scarily, of Matsumoto and Byakuya. Not a picture the substitute wanted in his mind.

"Do you think shinigami are the ONLY forces in the universe with authority over spirits? That's sheer arrogance! They barely have any authority over Japan, let alone the world." While Ichigo never thought about it (again, everyone trying to kill him in a VERY short time span and all; it tended to limit one's ability TO think about it) it made sense.

Shinigami were not the only 'death spirits' in the world: there were countless religions and beliefs, and while some of the more...recent ones...made little sense, others did.

So why in the name of hell had he never seen them in action?

The carrot-head nearly facepalmed. She said the shinigami only had authority over Japan, and only barely, thanks to the rise of Christianity and Buddhism in Japan over the past six centuries.

"The Christian Supernatural faction has the most influence over departed souls at the moment, and they are quite serious about their job and are fair in their dealings with the other factions," Ryu explained to the clueless Ryuko. "It happened… I think about two thousand years ago when the major shift started to happen. The Father of Heaven started to expand his influence and he was very successful, and he has actually had a… *decent* relationship with the Youkai of Asia, mostly because the majority of them are benevolent towards humans."

"The Father is truly enamored with them, even the ones that were not descended from his creations," Sanae piped in, amusement clear on her face. "Anyways, the Shinigami lost a lot of their territory when Christianity began to spread into Japan. Initially the Shinigami

tried to fight back… but then they ran into the Archangel Michael and his Legions."

"THAT probably didn't end well."

An understatement if there ever was one. While shinigami were powerful (Yamamoto's bankai was probably something world-ending or something, and Ichigo had never SEEN it) they were not truly divine beings. They were souls granted some power over the cycle of reincarnation.

"That is probably the nicest way of putting it. The shinigami suffered for it. Heaven's forces certainly bled, but they DID win. Since then there hasn't been much fighting. It's more or less peaceful. Until about 20 years ago."

"What happened then?" Ryuko questioned in confusion.

"Life-Fibers appeared in the general market," Ryu answered, looking over towards Honnouji Academy. "They… they are of neither mortal, nor supernatural make, and it has everyone concerned."

"Yeah, when a Devil eases up on the whole corruption of mankind thing, you know shit's about to go down," Sanae commented grimly.

Ryuko's eyes fixed themselves on Honnouji Academy. Satsuki was the cause of this. She knew who killed her father, or she did it herself. And she was causing this shit.

"Kiryuuin! You're going to pay for this shit! YOU HEAR ME?!" The scissor-wielding girl pulled out and pointed the weapon at the academy while Ichigo tried to convince himself that he wasn't the lynchpin for the survival of the universe.

He was WRONG, of course.

"Still, getting back on track," Ryu said, called attention back to himself. "This will probably have to wait until you can manage to

keep yourself calm for longer than thirty seconds, but many Fullbringers branch out into the older arts once they gain basic mastery of their powers, I myself branched into Omnyodo and forged a summoning contract with the Tamamo Clan."

"So you can summon a big-titted fox-girl."

Aforementioned fox-girl smirked at Ryoko's crude, if surprisingly accurate, description of her. "I am not just a pretty face. I could probably wipe the floor with most life-fiber users at that school of yours. But I'm not willing to take on those four with the larger counts, and as long as you're wearing that kamui, you'll be hard to take down. Might even hurt me more than I'd like."

Before Ryuko's ego could inflate, Sanae poked a hole the size of a banana in it. "But I WOULD win. And I REALLY don't want to take on the shinigami substitute. Reduced power or not, you scare the hell out of me."

Ichigo's eyes half-lidded before he drawled out "I'm not sure whether or not that's a compliment or an insult."

"KItsune's are tricksters and Illusionists," Ryu supplemented. "There are some who branch out into other forms of combat, Sanae here is said to be a prodigy with Fox-Fire on par with Tamamo no Mae herself."

Sanae seemed to preen under his statement, only to deflate a moment later.

"But she is completely useless when it comes to Illusions and Curse Magic," Ryu completed, smirking at his friend who glared. "I can also summon other members of the clan, as per our contract, to aid me in battle, so if I need a healer I can summon one of the Kitsune Healers, if I need combat support I can summon an Illusionist or Curse Mage, ect."

"So you can pull out the best one for the job." She turned to Ichigo. "What about you? 'Sides your fancy sword and the 'out-of-body' crap, I ain't sure what you've got."

"Well, I can use shunpo and I've got my bankai, but unless you've got hollows out the ass, I'm not pulling out Tensa Zangetsu. You've seen my normal Getsugas, so I don't think you want to see one ten times that."

If not more, as Ichigo knew he sucked at measuring his own power level.

Still, he had the basics, and while he didn't have the time (or the resources) to learn the other arts of shinigami combat, that was all he really needed.

Still, he'd thought he'd ask. "Hey, Sanae-san, do you have anything on shinigami kido? I never had the chance to learn as everyone was trying to kill me all the time."

They would get that story out of him later.

Sanae hummed for a moment. "I'm not sure, I will have to ask around the clan and check our records, but if I do find something I'll let you know and we can work out a deal," she offered.

"Well, as long as he doesn't involve anyone I care about getting hurt, I'll do it." The kitsune got the feeling that if they DID do something involving his family, they would regret it.

(In another universe, Aizen sneezed, banging his head into his restraints rather painfully)

The shinigami in question yawned. "I'm gonna get back in my body and go to sleep. Hate to say it, but we've got school tomorrow. And I want to face the insanity with a good night's sleep."

Something all of them could agree with. Madness could only be confronted successfully after a good night's rest.

"Ryuko, we'll begin your training tomorrow morning," Ryu told the teen delinquent. "I would suggest getting plenty of rest, it's going to be a long day for you."

Honnouji Academy - the next morning

Ichigo trudged up the stairs without a care in the world with an obvious Mako chipperly walking beside him, just wanting to get the insanity over with.

What he wasn't expecting was a bunch of banners and flags in the central courtyard. 'Oh, great, I just stepped into more crazy. GODDAMN YOU, GETABOSHI! And now that I know God really DOES exist, I'VE GOT THE RIGHT TO SAY THAT!'

A click of a heel was heard before lights shown over the tallest tower, making Ichigo squint. "Damn it, Kiryuin, can't you NOT be flashy?!"

"Kurosaki," Satsuki replied in response, brushing the comment off. "You *will* fight me, *now.* "

Ichigo facepalmed. "Mako."

The overly energetic girl turned to Ichigo. "Yes?" The substitute pressed the badge into his leg and left his body, and Mako watched in wonder. "Wow! There's two of you!"

"Take my body and get out of here. This is probably going to be bad." The no nonsense tone got through Mako's skull and she grabbed his body, fleeing like a duck during hunting season.

"Look, Kiryuin, I don't have time to put up with your crap. I've got a class to attend, and I don't think you have the authority to give me a

pass from it."

While a poor excuse, it WAS actually a valid one. Too bad Satsuki was basically the Academy's version of Adolf Hitler: supreme ruler of the school.

"Classes were cancelled for the day," Satsuki retorted as a stairway appeared before her, leading right down to Ichigo. "I will have *nothing* interrupt this fight, you *will* learn your place under me."

'Great, I forgot that she's basically the school's queen.' Ichigo drew his oversized khyber sword, annoyed as all hell.

Not a good combination. "And what the hell are you WEARING? Looks like some fancy dress uniform from the Maritime Self-Defense Force!"

The sword-wielding schoolgirl descended the stairs. "You have good eyes to see Junketsu from afar."

"'Purity'? Oh, god, don't tell me it's another one of those damned kamui outfits! ONE was enough!"

Satsuki smirked at him imperiously, "You are right to fear the Kamui so," she stated smugly. "Even if Matoi was too weak to use it properly you are smart to recognize its power as greater than your own."

"No, I'm just getting pissed off at the fact that everything's going down the crazy gutter!"

Satsuki's eyebrow twitched. There was *absolutely no fear* in Ichigo's voice. Only annoyance that his day had been changed and that he was being forced to fight.

That was something she would *NOT* tolerate, as while she didn't even believe her Darwinist bullshit, she WAS the best.

And Ichigo's attitude was pure *mockery* to her.

"Learn your place! Life-fiber override!" Satsuki declared as she pressed in three protrusions on her uniform, initiating bloodflow to the uniform, light flashing around her as it obscured the transformation of her clothing. When the light died down, the crowd stared at her new look, the uniform somehow being even *more* revealing than Senketsu had been.

Aside from the downright *massive* shoulder pauldrons with an eye motif on display, the uniform left *very* little to the imagination, showing off *all* of her cleavage and barely even covering her nether regions, although her arms and legs *were* completely covered.

"..." "Stunned into silence out of fear at least, I see."

Ichigo's face turned red as a beat. "Don't you have any freaking SHAME?! You're almost naked!"

Embarrassment. Ichigo was stunned not out of fear, but EMBARRASSMENT?!

THAT was the last straw. Satsuki drew her blade and charged at Ichigo, who blocked the strike, though not without difficulty.

"I *will* crush you underneath my heel Kurosaki," Satsuki declared angrily as she pushed Bakuzan against his oversized sword. "You're nothing but a mongrel!"

"At least I'm fair to people!" Ichigo pushed back, and Satsuki was surprised as she was sent flying back over 30 feet. HE OVERPOWERED HER.

That was NOT tolerable! She charged back, striking Zangetsu as hard as she could, but Ichigo was parrying like mad, making Satsuki angrier.

Ichigo had no formal style, and he was HOLDING BACK.

Picking up the tempo of her strikes, Satsuki began to try to overwhelm him with a barrage of blows raining down faster than the average human could even sprint. ' *What is this strength from, there are* no *Life Fibers on his body,* at all!' she thought to herself angrily as Ichigo continued to parry the blows.

"Are we DONE?" Satsuki swung at him with bakuzan, and Ichigo didn't react.

She thought she won. Until Ichigo caught the blade with his left hand. "I've caught swords before."

Satsuki's rage knew no bounds as she pulled and continued her attacks, smiling as Ichigo jumped back into the air. Another supposed victory.

Until his sword glowed gold with power.

Satsuki had just enough time to widen her eyes before Ichigo spoke two words, no raised voice, no angry shout, just speaking as if he was having to recite something in class. "Getsuga Tenshou."

She didn't even get to verbally say what she was thinking.

Outside Honnouji City

The flash of light, followed by the rather loud explosion where practically self-explanatory to both Ryu and Ryuko: Satsuki had picked a fight with Ichigo.

And judging by the fast-moving dot in the sky, she was beginning to regret doing so, much to Ryuko's amusement.

"HA! Serves you right, bitch!" She was currently wearing her older outfit, with Senketsu sitting off to one side as Ryu trained her in the

spiritual arts. And watched the dot that was most likely Satsuki Kiryuin go flying into the stratosphere.

"I would suggest you focus more on the ground, Ryuko," Ryu admonished lightly, a smirk on his own features as he set aside his duffel bag, a sheathed katana in his hand.

The pair were currently situated in the center of a circle made up of countless Kanji with a diameter of at least a mile. "This sealing circle will push the attention of anyone outside of it away from here and prevent any entry," Ryu explained as he stood across from Ryuko. "It also prevents Reishi and all sounds from leaking outside of it… and bars any attempt to leave until deactivated, this is your last chance to back out Ryuko, once we start, there will be no stopping."

"You see that?" The dot in the sky had been kicked higher, likely by Ichigo. "I want to be able to kick her ass just like Ichigo can! And if you kicking me down a few times is the only way to make that happen, then let's get on with it!"

She had spunk, he would admit that much. Might get her killed one day, but she had the will to push on.

Ryu chuckled a bit, reminiscing on his own past before shaking his head. "Alright then," he pulsed his power to the circle, activating it as a black dome began to rise up around them, sealing them within, oddly enough, however, despite the perfectly sealed dome around them, it was still bright as day. "We begin now."

His pronouncement was quickly followed with him seemingly teleporting in front of Ryuko, his katana bared and swinging, slashing directly across her eyes.

"FUCK! I can't see!" Which, she figured in a more reasoned part of her mind, was the point.

Too bad Ryuko didn't operate on reason. She was more of a wild animal in a human body.

She swung blindly at Ryu's presumed last location, missing him entirely with each punch. This was likely to take a while.

Ryu threw his katana aside for the time being, it's job was done before launching a punch right above her kidney, forcing the air out of her lungs as she was lifted off of her feet. "You won't be able to defend yourself by wildly lashing out!" Ryu barked out harshly as she crashed against the ground, coughing. "Stop struggling, and *fight!* "

"What the fuck-" She swung at the source of his voice, but Ryu had moved to dodge the rather pathetic attack. "Do you think I'm doing?!"

Ryuko was attempting to use her only two remaining senses that were of any tracking use - sound and smell - to find Ryu, but that was going to be impossible. Her sense of smell wasn't like that of a dog, and Ryu moved every time he spoke.

'Damn it, I can't fight without my eyes!'

"You wanted this Ryuko, if you can't find me, you *will* die," Ryu announced, punctuating his statement with a brief blast of killing intent. "The question is, will you die like some mutt, or are you going to fight me like a Fullbringer?"

Ryuko had plenty of one thing: rage. Rage for her father being a general dick, for her father's killer, for Satsuki being a bitch.

It was time to put that rage to a more constructive use. She used it to focus. most would be focused on finding their happy place.

Ryuko was going to try and find her unhappy place. And use it to beat the unholy crap out of Ryu.

As soon as her mind was cleared, she felt...something.

To put it in radar terms, it was like finding a sudden blip. A primitive and archaic radar blip. But a blip was a blip, and Ryuko was going to use that blip to clock Ryu.

Ryu stepped to the side, a small grin forming on his face as he felt her Reishi begin to stir within her, small pulses being sent out, washing over him. ' *Just a little more,* ' he thought to himself. "I guess then, you really *don't* want to find your father's killer," he said, faking disappointment in his voice.

And Ryu had just made her unhappy place more unhappy. If that were possible. The feeling became more defined, but not as accurate as Ryu's senses. Or even Ichigo's, and his sensing abilities sucked. But she was sure where he was. And with a roar of rage, she charged at Ryu, who dodged one hit, but the second one he had to block.

That didn't mean she stood a chance in hell, though, as Ryu knocked her back down on the ground.

"Pathetic, you think you can take on Satsuki like that? Your father's killer?" Ryu barked out. "Don't make me laugh, your father was a strong and tenacious son of a bitch and if someone killed him you don't even stand a chance."

Ryuko, as before, fell for the goading. Like Ichigo's protective urges forced him to grow at an unholy rate, Ryuko's rage did the same, if...slower. Fractionally.

Her wild strikes still held some wild rage, but they were becoming more calculated, like a predator striking its' prey. Ryu was blocking more than dodging, which was an improvement. What would be REAL improvement would be Ryuko stopping trying to hit him and just hitting him!

"You think you can protect your friends like this?" Ryu questioned darkly, pushing the teen girl further. "I wonder, how will you keep Satsuki from attacking Mako and her family, how about your father's killer? Do you just plan on letting them die?"

THAT pushed her over the edge. Her leg finally made contact with his knee, stumbling him long enough for a haymaker to introduce

itself to his face.

But if Ryuko could be compared to anything, it would be a shield-chewing berserk Norseman, commonly and incorrectly referred to as Vikings. Once she was at that point, getting her out of it was going to require extreme measures. mostly knocking her out without causing irreparable damage.

Thankfully, Ryu was more than capable of doing just that.

Ryu rolled with the haymaker, completely unfazed and not even bruised by the blow, Ryuko moving to continue attacking him, her Reishi guiding her right to him as she launched another punch that Ryu quickly intercepted, pushing it up while simultaneously slamming an open palm into her solar plexus, hard enough for her to black out. "Good job, kid," Ryu told her quietly as she collapsed, catching her before she hit the ground and laid her down softly on her back. "But we're just getting started."

He quickly pulled out a paper tag and concentrated. "Yukihime no Tamamo, as per the terms of our contract, I call you forth to provide me aid," he chanted, summoning forth a white haired, blue eyed kitsune, a pair of deep blue, white tipped fox tails lazily swishing behind her with similarly colored fox ear poking up out of her head. While her figure was not as… attention grabbing as Sanae's she certainly did fill out the proper kimono she wore as she bowed to Ryu.

"You called for me, Ryu-dono?" she asked softly, her voice firm despite the softness.

"Yeah, need you to fix up Ryuko's eyes here," Ryu requested politely, garnering another bow from the kitsune who approached the unconscious teen and placed her hands overtop of her closed eyes, blood leaking out from underneath.

"The damage is repairable," Yukihime announced as a soft green glow began to emanate from her hands. "To think, people are willing

to risk such things for power."

"All power comes at a cost," Ryu quoted. "Either time, or physical injury, if you're lucky."

Yukihime nodded in agreement as she focused on her work, Ryu settling in for a brief rest as he waited for her to finish.

---

125 kilometers above the surface of the Earth

Satsuki was having a hard time thinking. On one hand, being in the thermosphere tended to do that, as oxygen was rarefied at this height.

On the other, she was getting a headache from the flat of Ichigo's sword sending her flying to the edge of space. And that boy was going to get her killed if he stopped holding back.

Yes, Satsuki was now of the opinion that Ichigo Kurosaki was now the third deadliest known being on the planet, the second being Nui Harime and the first being her mother, Ragyo, much to Satsuki's displeasure at admitting this.

And she was falling at a speed of 50 kilometers per hour. She was probably going to hurt herself on landing. Her fall stopped as she felt a strong hand grip her wrist, and her eyes turned skyward.

Ichigo had caught her mid-fall. "So, are you going to give up, or do I have to really hurt something other than your damn ego?"

Satsuki's response was to snarl as she swung her sword at him, hoping to kill him before he became to much of a threat to her.

Ichigo blocked her strike using Zangetsu. Yet again, which infuriated the ravenette.

"Ok, down you go." The world dissolved in milliseconds before they were only a few kilometers above the school. Ichigo let her go, before shortly kicking her in the gut, sending Satsuki down to Earth at mach speed.

'This is going to hurt.'

---

6 hours later

It had, indeed, hurt. Satsuki's back had popped out of place, five of her ribs were cracked and two of them were outright broken, her right leg was broken in five different places and her eye was black and swollen.

She was thankful for Junketsu's presence, otherwise she would be dead. Thankfully, Nanon had helped put her back back in place, and her wounds were being tended to.

"To think, that you of all people would be reduced to such a state, Satsuki-sama," Inumuta commented as he looked over the data he managed to record from the brief fight. "Let alone survive such a fall…"

"Kurosaki didn't kick me as hard as he could have. If he did, I would be dead, not wounded." She was under no illusions of that. To cause her wounds, even though she was in a combat-mode Kamui, would take strength. And he didn't look winded from the foot planted into her gut.

No, the head of the student council realized that Kurosaki was holding back, and greatly.

Not that her subordinates were believing that.

"What should we do, Lady Satsuki?" Gamagori questioned. "Do you wish for Kurosaki to be expelled? We could also put some pressure

on him to leave Japan…"

"No. Kurosaki did not have a wish to kill me. He could have easily done so, and none of you are to be under any illusions that he was not unable. We will adopt a wait-and-see procedure for Kurosaki. Inumuta, Sanageyama, shift all of your focus to Hisanaga and Matoi. We have enough on Kurosaki." That translated into 'he can kill someone in a Kamui if he wanted to; there IS no defence against that'.

"Understood, Satsuki-sama," Inumuta confirmed. "Although… I have not seen either of them on any of my cameras all day, just a single photo of them leaving the city."

"Troubling." She attempted to sip her tea, only to find that she could not, as the fall had sprained her fore and middle fingers on the right hand, making it impossible to hold the cup.

"And this will be outright annoying. Resume surveillance on them as soon as possible, and inform the club presidents to avoid Kurosaki. I do not want to risk another confrontation with him so soon after my...defeat."

The elite four saluted their leader before crying out "Yes, ma'am!" in unison.

Back with Ryuko and Ryu

"I have finished healing her, Ryu-dono," Yukihime announced as she smoothly stood up, stepping away from the groaning Ryuko.

"Thank you, Yukihime," Ryu said gratefully. "How are you feeling there, kid?"

"Like someone blinded me with a sword. Last thing I remember is rage, confusion and blinding pain." Ryuko blinked, noticing she could

see again. "I didn't go drinking, did I?"

"No, but you were blinded by Ryu-dono's sword. I have healed the wound and restore your sight to you." The girl with the red-streaked hair stared at Yukihime for several seconds. "Uh, a medical fox girl? What's next, an archer?"

"That would be Ban," Yukihime replied, making Ryuko blink at her.

"So, Ryuko… do you remember how you managed to fight me while blinded?" Ryu asked calmly, his eyes closed as he held his katana with the point resting on the ground.

"Sort of. Like I was looking through some heat-vision goggles or something. I felt your presence. I kinda saw you." Her face adopted an Ichigo-equse scowl. "Did you HAVE to get me that mad? I mean, I'm always MAD, but that was a mad I never wanna go through again." If they knew about it, the pair would be sure Ichigo could relate with them. But they did not know of Ichigo's hollow situation, nor of the...incident involving Ulquiorra two years before.

"You wanted to do this the fast way," Ryu pointed out firmly, his eyes snapping open to stare at her. "Don't start whining when the consequences come and bite you in the ass."

"Well, mister experience, I don't think we've got time for the slow way! Those goku uniforms at Honnouji are gonna be going all over the world, and I don't think any of us would like to take on a few armies of Satsuki's lackies just to get to her!" She rolled her gear-like eyes before mulling over the next question. "So, what's the next part, and are you going to hack my eyes out for THAT, too?"

Ryu shook his head before reaching behind him and tossed her the scissor blade. "Now… we fight, and you do your best to survive," he told her as Yukihime stepped off to the side. "And I will tell you now, the only way to survive is to start the process of awakening the next stage of your Fullbringer powers, Soul Resonation."

She twirled the blade in her hand for a few seconds. "So, life and death again. Wonder if Ichigo had to go through this shit when HE got his powers." The irony was that Ryuko was right without knowing it.

But neither knew the circumstances of how Ichigo got his powers, so the matter was dropped as easily as it was mentioned. "So, when do we start?"

"Now," Ryu announced, blurring himself forward as he swung his sword at her midsection, much slower than when he did this before, but still just as lethal.

And since Ryuko had no way of surviving a sword fight, she clumsily attempted to block the attack, only resulting in a bruise to her midsection, as well as pain to her wrist from the force of the impact.

If Ryu hit any harder, the sword would have broken her hand. "Ok, wishing I knew more swordsman crap, now."

"Stop complaining and try and live," Ryu commanded as he rushed her again, sending a series of strikes against her as he pushed her back. "You want to hit this hard, then resonate your soul!"

Ryuko put herself back in the unhappy place. It helped before, it would help now.

The red-and-black haired girl tried to deflect the attacks as best she could, slipping into an instinctual anger. That actually made her better at fending Ryu off.

But Ryu was not that easy to fend off. He stepped up the deadliness by a factor of ten. Either she would be a Fullbringer or she would be a corpse. Her choice, really.

Their respective weapons deadlocked, Ryuko managing to muster up enough strength to hold Ryu back for a moment, although that only lasted long enough for him to introduce his fist to her face,

sending her flying back. "Rage is a good motivator, but it's a limited one," Ryu instructed as he chased after her tumbling form. "It is a double edged sword, and will cut you if used too much Ryuko!"

She got back to her feet, wiping blood from her face. "It got me this far!" Rage was only self-destructive if it wasn't used correctly. If it wasn't tempered by wisdom and experience. Ryuko only had an inkling of either. But she knew well enough to use her rage as fuel now, not to allow it to consume her.

But if she didn't watch herself, Ryu's sword would meet her head, and it would roll onto the ground in a bloody mess.

Ryu drove his sword into her blade hard, skidding her back a bit as she groaned in pain from the blow, feeling her bones rattle from the impact. "The Soul Resonance is a reflection of two souls Ryuko!" he announced he stood straight backed before her. "It is the determination of *choice* to stand and fight, or to be a coward and flee, to rely on *others* for strength."

In another world, a man wearing geta sandals would say that the soul grows in strength when it is in the most danger. And he was proven right once more.

While Ryuko would enjoy having allies in the future, she would be more than capable of taking care of herself.

A thump of power was felt from her blade, and she flipped the guard into an elongated hilt. Decapitation mode wouldn't do shit against Ryu, but it would make her feel better.

As the sword shifted to its secondary form Ryuko could feel a pulse forming within it, latching onto it she feed her own power into the Scissor blade, heat beginning to waft from the blade as she prepared to attack Ryu who paused to watch the unfolding scene. ' *I think she has it,* ' Ryu thought with a small grin as he watched her prepare to attack.

The red blade erupted in flame, a heat that could rival a steelworks blowing into Ryu's sword as it made contact.

Her inexperience in handling the weapon's power, however, drained her. But it was good enough as Ryuko felt to her knees.

Ryuko was now a full-fledged Fullbringer. Satsuki was going to BURN once Ryuko was fully ready and if Ichigo didn't kill the long-haired bitch first.

Ryu chuckled as the flames died down around him, completely untouched by the spiritually enriched fire that surrounded him, his sword barely even marked from the blow. "Congratulations, Ryuko," he said to her proudly. "You pass."

"Huh. I like fire." Ryuko fell unconscious shortly after she said that. And to be perfectly honest, who DIDN'T like fire? It cooks your food and it kills your enemies. ESPECIALLY kills your enemies.

Mankanshoku clinic

Ichigo sat on top of the building, mulling over what happened with Satsuki earlier that day.

'I could have been more gentle with that kick. I think I caused brain damage with that last one.' as soon as Satsuki was unconscious (that happened shortly after she hit the ground at mach one point two) he fled the scene, heading for the Mankanshoku clinic. He was surprised that Gamagori didn't sic the Disciplinary Committee on him.

Maybe the fact that he took down Satsuki in a uniform superior to theirs made them back the hell off.

About time people listened to common sense.

"Hey!" A familiar voice called out as Ryu strode over towards him, hopping across rooftops with practiced ease, an unconscious Ryuko slung over his shoulder. "Saw you kicking Satsuki around the sky, how'd it go?"

"I think she's going to leave me alone. Pretty much beat the shit out of her. She had a Kamui, though: Senketsu, she called it. Pretty pretentious calling something 'purity' when she's a complete bitch." The substitute glanced up at the school. "I don't think the Elite four are going to leave you guys alone after this. How's Ryuko?"

"She's reached the first stage of resonance," Ryu informed proudly as he set the teen down onto the roof, Senketsu and the Scissor Blade next to her. "Just needs to learn the Bringer Light ability and she should be set to discover the rest on her own."

"Yeah, that's gonna be fun. My Fullbring training sucked. didn't help that I was being set up. At least I got my shinigami powers back." That was a story that Ryu wanted to hear. After all, a Fullbringer and a substitute shinigami, all in one?

THAT just didn't happen. At all.

"Fullbringer *and* Shinigami powers?" Ryu questioned curiously, humming in thought. "Tell me, did you have Hollow powers as well?"

"Uh...yeah. two years ago, I got my powers from a shinigami named Rukia when she got hurt. When she was taken, I had to get them back using something the Shattered Shaft. I got Hollow powers out of it, too, though I didn't know until LONG afterward. Came in handy until I lost my powers. Again."

At Ryu's questioning look, Ichigo answered. "I used a technique called the Saigo no Getsuga Tensho. I defeated my biggest enemy, but I lost my powers." Ichigo stared into Ryu's eyes. "It sucked. I had to live without my powers, unable to protect my loved ones for 18 months."

"Damn, that's a downer," Ryu agreed with a nod. "Fucking sucks being shafted to the sidelines."

"It did. I just coasted through life until a friend of mine was hurt and a group offered me to get my powers back. They turned me into a Fullbringer, stabbed me in the back and took the power away. Then the Gotei 13 FINALLY jumped in and decided they owed me a favor, giving me back my powers using some kinda special sword. Kicked Ginjo's ass, then...well, I ended up here. My life in a nutshell."

Ryu frowned at Ichigo. "You really *don't* have any understanding of your powers do you?" he questioned the orange haired teen. "Ichigo, it is completely impossible to fully steal a Fullbringer's power from them without killing them, our power is linked with our very soul, it's possible to seal, suppress, leach or even take a portion, but *all* of it? I just can't happen."

"Well, it happened to me. There wasn't enough left for me to do ANYTHING." Ichigo paused. "Well, not exactly." He materialized Zangetsu's blade. "I just had enough to change Zangetsu's shikai. He used to just have a cloth-covered tang and there wasn't a curve in the blade."

Ryu hummed as he studied the blade before letting out a deep sigh. "Well I've never seen a Shinigami/Fullbringer/Hollow hybrid before so…" he trailed off with a shrug. "Who knows how that works."

"Trust me, I'm known for breaking the laws of spiritual physics. It happens a LOT." Breaking a kido prior to gaining his powers, getting bankai in two days using something that was supposed to give you them in three, pretty much mastering the use of his mask in less than a week, *dying* ...

Yeah, Ichigo broke the rules and basically gave impossible the finger so many times it wasn't funny.

Ok, it was fucking hilarious, but that was beside the point.

"Well, I really should get Ryuko inside," Ryu commented as he stood up, throwing the two colored haired girl over his shoulder. "Sounds like it's going to be a bitchy day tomorrow."

---

the next day

Mako had basically whacked the trio awake, yelling something about a 'no-late' thing. Ichigo honestly could not have cared LESS, but Mako thought it was important.

Of course, Sakuyo was washing Senketsu. Much to Ryuko's annoyance.

Or rather Senketsu's annoyance. "HELP ME! RYUKO, PLEASE!"

"Umm… ma'am… I need my uniform…" Ryuko said hesitantly as she watched her clothes get roughed around in the wash basin. "How soon until you're finished?"

"Not until I'm done washing it!" Ryuko looked to Ryu and Ichigo, who simply shrugged. "They'll deliver it once you get to school. They're...weird..." Ichigo eyed the leering father, son and dog, tempted to boot them in the head. "But she's normal enough." Of course, Ichigo was comparing them to his own family, and he was not exactly...normal either.

"Don't look at me," Ryu said raising his hands. "My guardian was useless at housework."

BGM: Gamagori Theme

"LISTEN UP! TODAY IS NO-LATE DAY!" The massive man gestured to the city. "The disciplinary committee has turned the city into an obstacle course! You will go through these courses until you reach

the school! AND IF YOU ARE NOT THERE AT 0800 HOURS SHARP, YOU WILL BE DISMISSED FROM THE ACADEMY!"

Ichigo simply stared, bored as all hell, at Gamagori. "Really? How the hell did you set this crap up?"

"It's like a rollercoaster from *hell* ," Ryu commented, tilting his head as he stared at the path up to the school. "How have you not been *sued* ?"

The man who somehow shapeshifted in size (and he was ALWAYS bigger than they were) somehow grew in size. "LEGAL TROUBLES LIKE THAT ARE IRRELEVANT TO SATSUKI-SAMA!" Gamagori's gaze turned to PJ-wearing Ryuko, guitar case on her back. "AND WHAT IN GOD'S HOLY NAME ARE YOU WEARING, MATOI?!"

In the canon verse, she would have been embarrassed. Here? All deadpan. "Uniform's in the wash. It'll be at the school when I get there."

"THAT IS UNACCEPTABLE!"

"It is so not!" Mako shouted, seemingly teleporting right up next to Gamagori who flinched at her sudden appearance. "She was just asleep until a minute ago! It's normal for people to wear pyjamas when they sleep isn't it? It is and *you* know it, you can't deny it! You don't know about pyjamas, is that it!? Don't you wear them when *you* sleep?"

"No... I sleep in the nude," Gamagori revealed getting embarrassed blushes from several of the female students.

"You sleep like that and you'll catch a cold!" Mako shouted indignantly. "What happens if there is an emergency? You'd be at home in bed! From now on, please wear pyjamas like everyone else!"

Gamagori was inwardly impressed. This girl had spunk for a no-star. "What is your name, no-star?"

"My name is Mako Mankanshoku! My PJs have Mt. Fuji, two eagles and three eggplants on them!"

'FAR too much information, Mankanshoku...' "I'll be sure to remember that. Now, BEGIN! I EXPECT TO SEE YOU AT THE ACADEMY!" The students rushed out, but Gamagori jumped down to stop Ichigo and Ryu. "Not you two. You are going straight to the school."

Ryu smirked as he let out a small chuckle. "Remember how to access what I taught you, Ryuko, maybe you can learn how Bringer Light works on your own," he commented to her quietly. "Have fun." He then turned to the academy and began to walk on *air,* a soft green glow emanating from his feet with every step he took.

Gamagori looked at Ichigo. "And that is why you are excluded. There's no point if you can just WALK ON AIR!" Ichigo stuck his finger into his left ear to clean it out. "Do you NOT have an indoor voice?" "SHOW THE PROPER RESPECT, KUROSAKI!"

Ichigo held up one finger. "One, I kicked the crap out of Satsuki. Two, I was holding back. I don't think you want to make me mad, gorilla man." The LAST time that happened, he blew a hole in the gates of Hell itself.

Not that Gamagori KNEW that, but the point of Satsuki's ass getting whooped was enough to make the big man back off. "I know better then to start the fight, Kurosaki. And Satsuki-sama started your battle. You and I are alike. NOW GET TO SCHOOL!"

Meanwhile, Ryuko was dealing with insanity.

Rolling buzzsaws, spike traps, *FLAMETHROWERS* . You name it, it was there. "What in the hell is with them doing this!?" Ryuko

snapped as she assisted Mako in getting through the traps.

"Oh, they do this every year!"

She half-expected a T-Rex with THAT comment form her new friend. She continued to run, grabbing Mako (and VERY unwilling to put up with her stupidity) and focused her reishi into her feet in an attempt to increase her speed.

She did not know that this was a step closer to Bringer Light, but at the moment, all it did was increase her running speed and agility. She would take what she could get.

"How can they expect normal people to run through this?" Ryuko growled as she leapt over a pit drop.

"Most don't make it, Ryuko! That's why it's a no-late day!" Ryuko was tempted to just jump from building to building like Ichigo did when he wasn't in the mood to walk.

Which was often. Ichigo was a master of roof-jumping.

At that, she continued running, not noticing she was no longer touching the ground. "Ryuko! Look at your feet!" She glanced down. Her feet were glowing. And not on the ground.

"WHAT THE HELL?! DAMN IT, RYU, YOU OWE ME AN EXPLANATION TO THIS BULLSHIT!"

Honnouji Academy

Satsuki's only surviving eyebrow twitched. Ryuko was cheating. Somehow.

She wanted to put her through her paces, but she was instead going through the courses like tank through a wall of bubblewrap!

"How is she doing *that!?* " Inumuta shouted desperately as he wildly tried to figure out how the three were *literally* walking on air. "It's *impossible* ! It's against the laws of the *universe!* "

"So was what Kurosaki did, and yet he did it, Inumuta." Satsuki attempted to raise a much easier to hold mug to her lips. At least she could bend her fingers now. At the shaking, she stopped and put it down on a side table. "He should not have been able to do anything without the aid of a goku uniform or a Kamui. Yet, here I sit, injured."

Nanon bowed her head. "But you're recovering pretty fast, Satsuki-sama." At this rate, Satsuki would be able to move without aid in a week, thanks mostly to modern medicine. "Inumuta, from the data you've gathered from my fight with Kurosaki, I want to know one thing." Her one-eyed gaze turned to the tech-head. "How high is his threat level? His true threat level?"

Inumuta swallowed as he looked at the data. "I believe he would completely crush the entire school if it rose up against him," he admitted after a few seconds. "Doubly so if he is holding back as much as you say he is."

Sanageyama smiled. "Milady, I request permission to fight him." "He would kill you, Sanageyama. he nearly killed me, and I wore a Kamui. A three-star uniform is no match for him."

That did not make him back down, but he got the message: no one would engage Kurosaki alone. "And what about Hisanaga?"

Sanageyama grinned in response. "Also an acceptable opponent," he agreed, bowing to the student council president. "I wanted to be able to test my swordsmanship, but I suppose putting Hisanaga into his place would suffice."

He had no idea.

Ryu and Ichigo arrived at much the same time, both looking bored as hell. The obstacle courses were easy to avoid for them, and they just waited for Mako and Ryuko.

"The insanity of this place is going to get to me. I'm used to MY crazy, not this."

Ryu snorted in response as he leant against a wall. "Try trying to form a contract with *the* premiere Kitsune clan in the *world* ," he retorted. "Getting even *one* of the Tamamo Clan to enter a contract is difficult, the entire clan was a freaking gongshow."

Ichigo shrugged as he held screaming. Ryuko's screaming. Followed by an armored bus diving towards them. "Oh, God, this is ridiculous."

It landed just short of the pair, and both girls, plus a no-star wearing girl in spectacles, planted themselves on the stairs. "I think you've had a funny day, Ryuko." "Don't start. And why the hell can I hover above the ground, Hisanaga?!"

"Bringer Light - Resonating your soul with the molecules in the air to provide stable footing," Ryu answered calmly as Ryuko seethed at him. "It can do many, many, *many* things, a most useful and versatile tool for a Fullbringer."

"And why didn't you tell me about that?" Ichigo's answer to her question was accurate. "I don't think you asked."

Ryuko growled at Ichigo. "I will end you one day."

Ichigo held out Ryuko's Kamui. "Mako's mom showed up with this. You've got about five minutes to get changed before Gamagori does the whole disciplinary crap."

"Crap!" Ryuko shouted as she grabbed Senketsu who was shouting something at Ryu as she darted back into the school bus to change, just in time as Gamagori began to stalk towards them, clipboard in hand.

"MATOI! WHERE ARE YOU?!" Ichigo glared at Gamagori. "She's getting dressed. Don't you have any decency?" Gamagori blushed at the thought, turning his head away from the bus. "Just...be sure to get to your class on time!" He was two steps from provoking Ichigo, and he was not one to act first. He counter-punched.

' *Sanageyama will have a hard time fighting Hisanaga. His power...I can FEEL it.* '

As if summoned by the thought, the President of the Athletics Clubs strolled towards them, a wide grin on his face. "Ryu Hisanaga," he called out grabbing the group's attention. "I hope you're ready, because by the order of Lady Satsuki I am going to put you in your place!"

(Ron emerges from the ruins of his theater)

Ron: ZEUS! I WILL END YOU IN WAYS THAT KRATOS COULDN'T THINK OF! DO YOU HEAR ME!

DKR: *Crackling as he counts a wad of money* No *one* bet that they'd tie!

Ron: Gah! (Walks off and grabs wheelbarrow) I've got a theater to rebuild. EVERY TIME! (Screaming and wailing like a banshee before lightning hits him) YEEOW!

DKR: Oh walk it off, sissy. (Walks past Ron, whistling in pleasure) I am *loaded* .

Ja Ne!

Chapter 3

Ron: And now that my theater's back together again, we can move on with the fic! Let's just hope it doesn't fall apart again.

DKR: Oh look, Grimmjow is fighting Ichigo right next door.

Ron: (Voice changes to something close to James Earl Jones) NOO!

Honnouji Academy - 0758 hours, No-Late Day

Ichigo was tempted to plant his face in the ground. He HAD to pick today to pick a fight with Ryu. "Oi, Sana-something. Why don't you WAIT until a later day to pick a fight? I mean, seriously, I don't think Gamagori's going to give us a pass just because you want to strut like a damn peacock." And in Ichigo's eyes, Sanageyama WAS doing just that: strutting like a peacock.

"Because, Lady Satsuki ordered me to," Sanageyama informed as he grinned widely. "Besides, I won't be late, this shouldn't take me long at all."

Ryu's eye twitched in response. "I see," he responded as he slid his right hand into his pocket. "Prove it… *boy.* "

"Alright! Three-Star Goku Uniform!" The fool's uniform transformed into something akin to a large samurai armor, with bokken on each finger and what looked like rocket pods on each shoulder. "Blade Regalia!"

In Ichigo's opinion, he looked like a complete IDIOT.

Ryu let out a sigh in response, shaking his head in disappointment. "How sad," he declared as he began to walk forward. "So dependant on some scraps of cloth for power, I pity you all."

Sanageyama took offence. "Learn your place! If you can't beat me, Satsuki-sama is beyond you!"

Ichigo raised his hand. "I kicked her ass, remember?" "Shut up, Kurosaki! MEN!" A bokken launched itself towards Ryu, and looked to be well on the way to hitting him.

Ryu didn't budge as the wooden sword hit him square on the forehead, Sanageyama smirking as he thought his attack was too fast for the teen to follow. "Is that your best?" a bored voice questioned, Ryu's hand reaching up to push the weapon away, his forehead not even showing a mark. "If it was, then it truly was pathetic."

"MEN DO KOTE!" Sanageyama continued his assault. But it was futile. Against a Fullbringer, who was naturally more durable, they were basically lovetaps that would leave a quick-fading bruise.

It took all Ryuko, now in her Kamui, had to not LAUGH at how pathetic the bastard was.

Ryu's frowned deeped with each hit, his disappointment towards his opponent was nearly palpable. "Ignorant child," he spoke finally, intercepting the bokken with his hand hand and held it in place. "You can't even see just how pathetic you are."

"YOU WILL NOT BEAT ME! MY TENGANTSU SEES ALL, AND IT SEES YOUR DEFEAT!" Ryuko waved at her similarly named friend. "Hey, Ryu! Mind if I take over?!" She wanted to kick Sanageyama's ass. And Ryu was losing patience with Sanageyama, so it was probably a good idea.

"No," Ryu declined, shaking his head. "If he prizes his eyes so much, then maybe he should see how limited they are," with his announcement power began to pulse out of him, freezing his opponent in place as he felt something ominous weigh upon him. "Come up… from the bowels of hell," Ryu spoke, his voice deeper than normal as a fiery pentagram lit up around him. " ***Astaroth*** ."

The Name was something inhuman, it didn't sound mortal as it was spoken, resonating the world around them as the earth shook the pentagram exploding with fire as it gathered together forming into a burning visage of a man bearing demonic flaming wings, horns forming a crown around his head as the voids that could only be called his eyes stared at Sanageyama.

" ***Mortal…*** " the *THING* spoke, grating at Sanageyama's ears like a thousand damned voices screaming at once. " ***You are* weak...** "

Sanageyama tried to tune it out, but one voice against one thousand was still nine hundred and ninety nine voices more. It took a few minutes, but it happened.

Sanageyama screamed like a woman on her period. No offense, Ryuko. (Author gets smacked anyways)

"Holy shit, that's as bad as some band music I heard when I was ten." Ryuko glanced at Ichigo. "Band music?" "You don't want to know."

" ***Where is your arrogance, Mortal?*** " the *THING* questioned, reaching out for Sanageyama in a way that could only be described as inviting. " ***Where is your Pride? Has it disappeared in the face of true power?*** "

Sanageyama roared and began his attacks against the demon, but Ichigo got the idea that the demon was an illusion from the lack of substance in the strikes impacting it.

"Ryu, is that thing a fake? Because unless you managed to actually summon a devil and it's playing with him, it seems pretty fake." Ichigo was not heard by Sanageyama, who was too busy doing two things: screaming like a bitch and attacking.

Ryu rolled his shoulders in a shrug. "If I needed to, I suppose I could summon a Demon for a short period of time," he answered. "But,

Demon Lords are difficult to maintain control over when we work at a cross purpose."

Ryuko smirked. "Pretty entertaining, though. But how long do you think he'll last? I mean, Senketsu here drained me pretty fast." The eye looked at Ryuko. " **Only because you refuse to wear me properly!** " "How the hell do you mean-" Ichigo tapped Ryuko's shoulder. "Satsuki handled her Kamui pretty well during her fight with me. She didn't feel shame wearing her combat form. you do. Kinda rightly, from a conventional sense, but this isn't conventional. You're gonna have to let go."

"Two souls cannot bond if there is a wall between them," Ryu told the gear eyed teen. "So long as that wall is between the two of you, you won't be able to access his full strength."

Her sense of decency needed to go in order to find who killed her father. For something to be gained, something must be given.

"Gonna be a bitch to not feel shame. But I'll work on it. Come on, we got class!"

Honnouji Academy council room

"He lost." Satsuki was only shocked a few times in life. For the first time in years, they all happened within 48 hours.

Uzu Sanageyama was broken by a seeming DEMON. Hisanaga had done something to equal Kurosaki as a threat. Ragyo could NOT get her hands on them.

"What… what did they do to gain such powers?" Inumuta questioned in shock. "These things… even with Life Fibres, such things cannot be done!"

"Clearly they CAN, Inumuta. Strip Sanageyama of his rank. He is no longer a member of the elite four." She didn't want to do it: he was a loyal soldier. But if Ragyo suspected ANYTHING, they were fucked.

"...Yes, ma'am." Nanon huffed. "We're losing to these dumb uniform-less monkeys! We should be dominating them! Even Kamui girl! ...No offense, Satsuki-sama."

"There is something that is setting them apart," Inumuta remarked, pushing up his glasses. "I have done research, but I've… I've never found a thing on these 'Fullbringers' Hisanaga mentioned."

"Forget it. We will not find anything on them. They are either too secretive or good at hiding." 'Like we are.' "We need information." Nanon twirled her baton in her hands. "We need a spy in their ranks! Someone to gain their trust and their secrets!"

"And how do you suggest we do that?" Inumuta question, his tone almost snarky as he spoke. "They won't trust any of *us* ."

"Well, I don't see you coming up with ideas, dog-boy!" "ENOUGH! THIS BICKERING IS POINTLESS! And you are likely to give Satsuki-sama a headache!" Nanon huffed. "Like your voice isn't already."

Satsuki was amused by their fighting. Now she just needed Sanageyama and she would be laughing in her mind like a loon. "Nanon, you have a good idea. We just need a valid excuse to plant one of the elite four in their midst."

Nanon blinked. "Uh...right! I'm a genius!"

A snort from Inumuta greeted that statement.

"In fact, Nanon, you have just volunteered." "NANI?!"

Iori sat at his computer, typing away at a new design for the four-star uniform, although it probably wasn't going to work. "Iori."

He sat back in his chair. "Sanageyama, I can't do anything for you. You were dismissed from the Elite Four."

"I don't want a new uniform," Uzu stated, his tone sombre. "I came to ask you for a different favour… seal my Tengantsu."

"What? Why?" "My sight made me too prideful. I need to learn humility, and train my other senses."

That...made a weird sense. Iori got up and gestured to a table for him to lay down on. "Just so you know, I can reverse the process at any time. All you need to-" "No. Not until I'm ready." He laid down, closing his eyes. "And I will not be ready for a long time."

Iori nodded slowly before setting himself to his task. "Good luck, Sanageyama," he muttered before piercing his eyelids with his needle and set to work.

One Week later

Satsuki was recovered enough to walk, and was on her way to a helicopter that would take her to her all-too-touchy mother for a meeting about REVOCS when thunderclouds rolled in.

"Satsuki-sama." She paused before inaudibly sighing. "Sanageyama, you were dismissed. I do not have time for failures." "I was prideful and foolish. And I have learned my lesson."

Satsuki raised an eyebrow and turned to face Sanageyama who now wore a blindfold across his eyes. "Oh?" she questioned as he reached up and removed his blindfold, her eyes widening in surprise as she inhaled sharply.

She recognized Iori's work. They were sealed, not removed. Goring oneself was...sickening to her. He removed his source of his pride, and worked to make himself better.

"I see," she murmured. "Perhaps I was a bit too hasty in removing you from your position…"

She walked away, intending to speak with Iori. After all, he had work to do.

Meanwhile, Ichigo was dealing with another elite four-related problem.

And for once, it wasn't Gamagori. It was, instead, pink.

Jakuzure was trying to kill him. Wasn't succeeding due to his very good skills in evasion, but that only made her more...MAD.

And mad meant destructive. "Christ, woman, take a hint! I don't want to fight you!" "You don't, I DO, STRAWBERRY!"

"Wow… this is just sad," Ryu commented off to the side where he and Ryuko *had* been training, only to get interrupted by said problem. "Take a hint pinkie, he ain't into you!"

A heart-shaped hole appeared next to Ryu's unflinching head. "Maybe she's Satsuki-sexual." ANOTHER hole made Ryuko jump, clinging to the wall. "Yup, she's Satsuki-sexual." And that probably explained WHY Satsuki was trying (and hilariously failing) to kill Ichigo, who humiliated Satsuki a week earlier.

Ryu didn't care, however: this was entertaining. In fact, his student was making bets on how long it would take Ichigo to finally go 'fuck it' and unleash that khyber sword of his.

Shaking his head, he ignored the 'fight' - quotation marks required. "Alright Ryuko, enough of that," he called out to the two-colored

haired girl. "You need to focus if you want to learn the skin hardening technique."

"Seriously? I thought we were focusing on my-" The floor shook as Ichigo had clearly had enough of being chased. "HA! Knew he'd do that!" The pinkette crashed through the floors, almost naked as Ichigo landed near the duo, Zangetsu in his human hands. "I had enough of her. I'm heading to class. Good luck with your Fullbring, Ryuko."

Ryu chuckled as he grabbed a nearby tarp and threw it over Jakuzure to ensure her modesty. "Alright Ryuko, I take it you remember my fight with Sanageyama?" he asked. "Namely, when he was hitting me."

"And doin' absolutely nothing. It was GREAT." It was arguably the best thing she had ever seen. An Elite Four snob getting humiliated like that was only topped by Satsuki's ass getting handed to her. She had a recording of it.

"I was using one of the basic techniques of a Fullbringer, ***Hifu no Koka*** ," Ryu explained calmly. "The Skin Hardening, using your Reishi as a shield just above your skin to reduce, or even completely negate, the damage you take from an attack."

"Fuckin' awesome. Like that crap Ichigo told me those Arrancar can do?" Ryuko was, of course, referring to hierro, the 'iron skin'. The concept was the same, although they could do it instinctively, while Fullbringers needed to use some small amount of focus to do it. "So if I learn how to do it, I can take on just about anything, right?"

Ryu shook his head. "Maybe, maybe not," Ryu replied with a sigh. "Some are better at using it than others, it's actually one of my weaker areas, I need to put a lot of focus into it so I can't really move around to much while using it."

"What about Ichigo?" Ryu shook his head. Ichigo's reishi levels were INSANELY high. The orange-haired bastard wasn't even TRYING

and the fullbringer suspected that Ichigo could kick an Arrancar in his human body and not earn scuff his socks!

Something very few Fullbringers could claim to do, and Ryu was one of those 'chosen' few.

"Not quite sure if the Shinigami have a similar ability," he answered finally. "Never really had a chance to question one about it, but old record I've come across that there are some who are able to do a brute force method of it, basically warring their Reishi against their opponents."

And Ryu wasn't exactly willing to get killed asking. Oh, he was good, no doubts there, but if Ichigo needed to use an attack that burned him out to take down something that the Captain-General couldn't, and Ryu had VERY few illusions on taking on Yamamoto and actually winning.

"So, how are we gonna start?"

"Well, the key to this technique is focus," Ryu informed, rolling his shoulders as he stood across from Ryuko. "Have you been practicing meditation like I told you to?"

Ryuko groaned, rolling her eyes, but nodded. Meditation SUCKED for someone so used to wanting shit done now. And Ryuko was an unstoppable snowball. At least until she met Ryu and Ichigo, who were truly immovable objects. So, unfortunately for her, she took up meditation. And it was working...slowly.

Ryu nodded in acceptance. "Well, keep at it," Ryu encouraged. "Trust me, I know how hard it is to start with meditation, but it's a key component to keeping your focus in battle, you need to be able to shut out the unimportant things from your mind."

Ryuko's response didn't need to be heard for Ryu to get the idea that Ryuko thought meditation an exercise in futility. But this wasn't a book written by an Englishman over a century ago.

"Think of it like this, Ryuko. At this point, the only thing you can prevent from hurting you are papercuts. and that's a big if right now." And THAT was motivation enough for Ryuko to focus.

Ryu nodded in approval as he felt Ryuko's wild aura began to settle. "Fullbringers like us, while similar to Hollows, are actually nearly the opposite of them," he explained softly, allowing Ryuko to focus. "While Hollows are instinctual beings, Fullbringers are beings of focus, we must learn focus if we wish to reach the pinnacle of our powers."

Ryuko nodded, although Ichigo seemed to be the polar opposite: instinct seemed to be his thing. But she wasn't Ichigo, so the Ichigo Method, as Ryu and Ryuko nicknamed it, wasn't going to they needed to do it the old-fashioned way.

Oh, joy.

A boom interrupted their lesson, but it wasn't an explosion. It was a sonic boom, created by something going past the speed of sound. And the origin was a bokken that embedded itself five feet from Ryu's head. "Idiot's a glutton for punishment, ain't he? You kicked his ass last week!"

Ryu sighed in response, looking over to the now blindfolded kendoist. "I take it, you want a rematch then, Sanageyama?" he asked seriously.

"You humiliated me. By all rights, I deserve a chance to redeem myself." His foot touched the tarp, making Sanageyama's brow arch in confusion. "What happened?" "Oh, your former buddy, pinkie, tried to pick a fight with Ichigo." Sanageyama winced. Oh, he knew EXACTLY how that ended.

Nanon picked a fight with Ichigo, Ichigo refused, Nanon got angry and chased Ichigo, Ichigo finally had enough and kicked her ass. End of story.

It was clear that those three were going to be the humbling squad for the Elites.

Ryu sighed. "If you wish to rematch me, Sanageyama, I must warn you, this time, I will not be gentle," he warned.

"Hey, hey!" Ryuko finally made herself known, pulling out the scissor blade. "If you and Ichigo keep kicking ass, there won't be enough left for ME. You wanna fight, jackass? I'll fight you!" Ryuko had VERY few fights worth mentioning. And everyone ELSE was getting more marks. Makes a girl jealous.

"Go for it then," Ryu affirmed, stepping off to the side. "Sanageyama, if you really want to fight me, then beat Ryuko."

"Tomorrow morning. My uniform will be ready by then." Both finally noticed that the swordsman was wearing an ordinary tracksuit, not his goku uniform. That was irrelevant, though: tomorrow, Ryuko would either kick Sanageyama's ass, or her naked ass would be on display.

" **Ryuko, do not lose this. I still need your blood.** " And Senketsu had a one-track mind. As usual. All he was missing was the Romanian accent and an actual body, and he would be a regular vampire. At least he didn't sparkle.

"She'll be there," Ryu assured. "Now take your buddy there and scam out of here."

Sanageyama carefully wrapped up Nanon in the tarp and carried her off.

Rolling his eyes he turned to Ryuko. "Alright, let's step up your training a notch then," Ryu announced as his katana appeared in his hand. "Keep your focus on maintaining the ***Kifu no Koka*** ."

And NOW they were going to use the Ichigo Method. 'Aw, crap.'

Satsuki was not exactly amused. Yes, watching the school get the crap blown out of it was entertaining, but not seeing the carrot-top practically one-shotting the leader of the musical division.

And that WAS what happened. All Ichigo did was use a weaker version of the attack that sent her to the edge of the atmosphere. Still, provided the excuse for Nanon to spy on the three.

Nanon wasn't exactly looking forward to her new job. The three were going to kill her at best or send her exo-atmospheric at worse. Still, Nanon came up with it, and now she had to go through with it.

Still, appearances must be kept. The door opened as Sanageyama entered. "Sanageyama. I see Nanon failed in her...attempt to take down Kurosaki."

"Yes, Lady Satsuki," Sanageyama confirmed, bowing his head. "She was defeated without even forcing him to put his full effort into it."

"Not surprising. He was barely trying with me." And a kamui lived up to the literal translation of 'god robe', so a goku uniform was like going up against a tank with a 7.62mm machine gun.

In short, pointless. Points for trying, though. "Wake her." A smack was heard, followed by Nanon screaming at Sanageyama. "Nanon, be quiet."

"L-Lady Satsuki?" Nanon questioned nervously.

"I watched your fight with Kurosaki. While I applaud your attack while he was in his human body-" Something Inumuta couldn't explain, which was becoming VERY annoying. "it was clearly pointless. You lost." "So did the monkey here against Hisanaga!" "He is willing to blind himself to improve. He has one more chance. You do not. Leave this chamber, as you are no longer a member of the Elite Four."

For now, at least.

Nanon scowled angrily as she glared. "Ts, fine," she glowered as she stood up and stomped out of the room.

"I presume you have challenged Hisanaga again?" "I did, but Matoi challenged me instead."

The OTHER problem that was more conventional. But the Matoi girl looked vaguely familiar, and the girl remembered every face she had seen.

A vague remembrance was impossible. "She has trained under Hisanaga for the past month. do not underestimate her."

"I don't plan on it," Sanageyama confirmed. "Hisanaga showed me, the price for my pride, I shall not lose this match."

Pain was something Ryuko was used to. THIS was a bit beyond pain. "You know, the further we get in this training of yours, the more you try to kill me. Is this some kinda Fullbringer thing, like an apprentice trying to kill the master or something?"

Ryu chuckled at the vague Star Wars ref. At least THAT was a success in Japan as well as anywhere else.

"Not really," Ryu admitted. "The key thing is our main similarity with Hallows, while we need focus to maintain our strength, instinct guides us in unlocking those powers, in other words, Fullbringers are contrary to themselves."

"So, my powers are gonna make me spin around in circles, givin' me a headache?" The last thing she wanted was to go insane.

On the other hand, short trip to begin with, life fibers and all.

Ryu chuckled. "It is a pain to start with, yeah," he agreed as he retook his stance. "But, you focus has improved, and you've got ***Kifu***

no Koka up to an acceptable level, now, why don't we work on your weapon awakening."

THAT got her back on her shaky feet, blade in hand. "Yeah, against Mr. Kendo? I'm gonna need a bit of sword training." An unfortunate truth. Ichigo, with his lack of formal training, wouldn't be able to do anything to help. And he knew it.

Ryu smirked. "Well, I won't be able to teach you a proper style in one night," he told her as she solidified her guard. "But, I can at least ensure you won't give a bad showing at the very least."

"Better than nothing." The red/blackhead continued to struggle against using anything but informal crap, but she was willing to learn.

Anything to get her closer to finding her father's killer.

On the other side of the city, Ichigo was busy with another problem. THat being pink and irritating.

"I kicked your ass six hours ago! WHY are you so intent on stalking me?!" Jakuzure was VERY persistent. He would give her that.

"I'm not looking for a fight, strawberry. I got kicked out of the Elite Four, and you've got a bone to pick with Satsuki for some dumb reason."

"Do you really expect me to believe that?" Ichigo asked bluntly - hey he may be dense, but he was far from stupid.

"Do I LOOK like I'm wearing a goku uniform?" She was, indeed, wearing a tracksuit, but an idiot, Ichigo was not. "Oh, I see. So you want to make friends, now? Too bad, you kinda exhausted your chances the second you attacked me. And I know a spy when I see one." "Fine! Look, it's not like anything you tell me's gonna do any freaking good. Inumuta's been trying to crack you since you GOT here. And nothing you've done makes a lick of sense. You're gonna

keep kickin' our asses and there's nothing we can do to stop that, short of, you know, blowing everything up."

"Believe me, even *I* have trouble understanding it all sometimes," Ichigo muttered, things definitely had gotten crazier and harder to understand on that night he met Rukia.

Not that he'd trade it for anything. Nanon didn't know that. "Ok, I got nothing to do. Kinda what happens when you're booted out of the council and all that." And Ichigo was forced to realize that even if he didn't want her around, she'd stalk him.

So he'd take the painless path and entertain her presence. She wouldn't get anything useful anyways: she wasn't exactly Fullbringer material. She had some reiryoku, but that wasn't much. She'd barely supply a hollow for ten seconds.

"Fine, just try not to get in the way," Ichigo growled in irritation. "I've already have enough trouble with Satsuki harassing me all the time for no goddamn reason."

"You kinda beat her. She's got her pride." "That, I get, but she doesn't need to be such a bitch about it."

Nanon bit her tongue. After all, he DID kick the unholy shit out of her. And he was going to surprise Nanon again. "Why the hell DOES she act like a bitch? It's a bit fake, like she's wearing a mask or something."

Nanon bit the inside of her cheek to keep herself from talking, choosing to instead glower off to the side. "Why the hell are you fighting against her for anyways?" she questioned stubbornly.

Ichigo glared at her. "Running the school like a dictator, for one. Then there's that body the day I arrived. What'd that guy do to get crucified, break into the girl's locker room?" Nanon actually had the nerve to flinch at that. From Ichigo's side of things, that DID sound extreme. But Satsuki had an image to keep up.

"He stole a goku uniform. Kinda against the rules." Ichigo glared at the pinkette. "Then just expel him after taking the uniform back! The killing thing was a little extreme, don't you think!?"

Nanon glared off to the side. "They went against Lady Satsuki," she groused. "If they wanted to live they shouldn't have gone against her goals."

"You sound like an automaton." Nanon's head slowly turned to face Ichigo. "What." "You heard me. You sound like a broken answering machine! One that encourages a system that kills for a minor offense! It's almost like you can't think for yourself!"

"Shut up! You don't know anything so shut your mouth!" Nanon shouted angrily. "You no nothing of Lady Satsuki's goals so keep your mouth shut!"

"Then ENLIGHTEN me!" Blunt, direct and not at all a question Nanon wanted to answer. "I'm getting really freaking tired of dealing with your council president's inability to act like a rational human being when she clearly doesn't like acting like a monster. So, Jakuzure, why in the name of hell is she doing this?"

Nanon clenched her teeth angrily. "I… I can't say!" she shouted, turning away from Ichigo. "So just stay out of Lady Satsuki's way!"

As she ran off, Ichigo facepalmed. "Two steps forward and a billion back." At least she wouldn't be stalking him anymore.

Honnouji Academy courtyard - the next morning

Dark and cloudy was the forecast that day, and it was all too fitting for a duel. And Ryuko was ready for war.

"Just remember to keep your focus, Ryuko," Ryu advised as he stood next to Ryuko as they waited for Sanageyama. "Don't try to

overpower him with raw strength, alright?"

"Speed's the best thing I got going for me. I ain't gonna fuck this up. Rattle him a little, distract him before going for a death by a bazillion cuts." "Ryuko, that's not a real number."

"Don't care!" At least she was chipper about facing the reinstated Elite Four member.

Speaking of the man in question, he approached from the academy's spire, dressed in his new three-star uniform.

"Are you prepared for your defeat, Ryuko Matoi?" Sanageyama questioned, a wide grin splitting his face as he prepared himself for the fight to come.

"No, but I AM prepared to kick your ass." Cocky. But she had the right, Sanageyama supposed: she WAS trained by Hisanaga, who kicked his ass.

He was STILL trying to figure out the demon trick the man named for dragons did. But what the hell. Kick his student's ass, then kick the master's ass.

Ryu patted Ryuko on the shoulder encouragingly before stepping out of the way. "I hope you're ready," Ryuko shouted, lifting her glove up to grip the switch to draw out her blood for her Kamui. "Senketsu! Life Fiber Synchronize!"

The scandalous outfit appeared on her person, and she adopted an informal kendo stance. "You won't beat me, Matoi! Three Star goku uniform!" The outfit transformed into a slightly less ridiculous version of the older outfit: gone were the missile pods and the other bokken on his fingers. Now he just had the one. "Blade Regalia Mk II!"

Matoi put the blade on her shoulder. "You still look like an idiot, kendo boy."

Sanageyama surprisingly didn't respond to her taunt as he took up his stance. "I will show you, my true power, Shingantsu!" he declared as he rushed to the attack.

To Ryuko's surprise, she was hit many, many times as Sanageyama's arm's disappeared. "What the fuck?! I thought you were blind!" "I exchanged my sight to improve my other senses. I can hear you, feel you and even smell you!"

Ryuko's face drained of color, and not because of Senketsu. "That's disgusting!" "Believe me, Matoi, it DOES have disadvantages! But I can live with that so long as I can beat you!"

"Yeah, you're not the only one who has gotten stronger!" she shouted, light gathering around her feet before she sped up, blurring through Sanageyama's attack, launching one of her own directly at the kedoist's chest.

Off to the side, Ichigo had finally arrived, looking fairly annoyed. "Let me guess. The idiot challenged Ryuko." "Sort of. Challenged me, but Ryuko challenged him instead. And where the hell have you been?"

Ichigo facepalmed. "Remember Jakuzure? she's been stalking me. Had a fight with her and she ran off, but this morning I caught her following me. I had to shunpo around for an hour just to lose her."

Ryu rose an eyebrow. " *Still?* " he asked in surprise, barely bothered as an explosion sounded from the fight. "Damn, what'd you do to piss her off so much?"

"We fought about Satsuki's less-than-gentle running of the school. I wanted answers. I'm getting a little tired of running into a situation without knowing what the hell is going on. She just warned me not to get in Satsuki's way again-" Ryu snorted, knowing THAT wasn't happening. "and ran off. And the second I get up, I find her stalking me." BOOM! "So, who's winning?"

"Pretty even at the moment," Ryu informed, shrugging. "Ryuko's still got a lot to learn though."

"At least it's not a one-sided beating." The heterochromatically haired girl landed near the two, sporting a few bruises, but not as many as she normally would have, kamui or no kamui. "I take it she's got the armor thing down pat." "More or less." Ryuko charged back into the fray, not in the mood to retreat and think things over.

On the OTHER hand, she wasn't just taking the hits. She wasn't a certain man with a giant sword that demons wanted to rape, kill and eat all at the same time.

"She's making steady progress, all things considered," Ryu noted as he watched her fight. "Definitely won't be a master swordswoman anytime soon though."

"Trust me, I was a lot worse. Only thing I had going for me was willpower." Ryuko finally parried Sanageyama's bokken before kicking the blind man in the gut. As soon as the blades unlocked, the wooden one impacted Ryuko's head.

Ichigo winced from experience. "THAT had to hurt." The point was moot as Senketsu reached his limit, and turned back to normal.

"Ha! Without your Kamui, your finished!" Sanageyama shouted proudly, rushing in for the finish. "You're done!"

"Not yet," Ryu whispered, a grin etching on his face as Ryuko took a stance, the scissor blade changing to executioner form. "Now… it's time for her Fullbring."

"This… is my Fullbring…The power of my soul… ***Shakunetsu Fukushu*** (Burning Revenge)," Ryuko announced, the scissor blade erupting into flame, neither Ryuko nor the sword being affected by the flames. "All the damage I took, whether effective or not, into a single strike!"

Sanageyama's mind began setting off warning alarms. 'Oh, shit.' Readers had better hope the poor bastard didn't have pyrophobia before, because he will NOW.

The great scissor blade made contact with the uniform, literally burning it off Sanageyama's person before cutting into his flesh.

Oh don't get so squeamish: it was a shallow cut across the chest!

But that was it for Ryuko, who fell unconscious shortly before Sanageyama did.

Ryu caught the falling girl before she hit the ground, slinging one of her arms over his shoulders to hold her steady. "Nicely done, Ryuko." he praised. "You've come a long way in such a short period of time."

Above, Satsuki's eye twitched. First the boys, NOW the Matoi girl?! "Inumuta, did you get all that?" No reply came. "Inumuta!" She marched over to his seat, where he was just SITTING, staring at the screen of his laptop. She waved a hand in front of his face, and got no response.

"Oh, sweet God in heaven, they BROKE him."

"You must admit, Lady Satsuki," Gamagori started, looking perturbed as he stared down at the field below them. "There abilities are rather shocking that are difficult to explain through logic."

"If I deny that, I would be a fool." Inumuta fell off his chair. "Just...get Sanageyama back up here." "Ma'am, he lost-" "He lost due to lack of knowledge of his enemy's abilities, not incompetence. Get him up here."

Gamagori bowed before leaving. As he did, Satsuki gazed at the image of Ryuko on one of the monitors. 'How do I know you?'

Ron: (Checking reviews) People assume that I ALWAYS try to make fics that make sense. This isn't exactly one of them. This is our way of expressing our own brand of crazy so the REST of our fics make sense. Speaking of sense, we're moving out of the theater!

DKR: Where to? 'Cause it just seems to draw in trouble.

Ron: (Dryly) I've noticed. Let's just say it's a hell of a lot more durable.

DKR: I doubt there's anything durable enough to survive *those* two fighting (points to the battling Ichigo and Grimmjow)

Ron: One can hope.

Ja Ne!

Chapter 4

(A dagger-shaped shadow appears overhead before the scene changes to the bridge of a Star Destroyer)

Ron: I just KNOW I'm begging for trouble. I mean, this thing's an Executor! I half-expect an A-Wing to crash through the bridge!

DKR: You know one is going to crash in at the end of the chapter now, right?

Ron: (Sighs) Yes. Might as well get it over with and ADMIT it's gonna happen sooner or later! At least the ship's more durable than that damn theater.

DKR: (Snorts) Yeah, this thing is just a flying tin can.

Ron: Let's get on with it. The Monty Python Holy Grail crew's going to yell any minute.

Honnouji Academy - three days later

Ichigo and Ryu wisely stayed out of Ryuko's latest plan. Starting up a club was a REALLY bad idea, and both of them knew it.

But they wished her luck, at the very least.

"So, how long do you give for this to fuck up?" Ryu questioned, watching as Ryuko and Mako sat in the middle of the field in Honnouji. "I give it a week."

"Sucker's bet, Ryu. I don't think it'll even last that long."

At that moment, the man bigger than everyone else showed up.

(BGM: You know the theme)

"MATOI! What in the name of hell are you DOING?" "What's it look like, Gamagori? I'm startin' a fight club! Also, how's the weather up there?"

Gamagori's face lit up like an angry sun. "DO YOU THINK THIS IS A JOKE?!" Ryuko's face remained smug and confident throughout the ENTIRE exchange. "I personally think YOU are a joke, but that's me."

Gamagori scowled in response. "Enough, Matoi, answer the question!" he demanded. "What are you doing?"

"Thought I answered that already! I'm starting a fight club."

Before Gamagori could turn into a rampaging bull, light shone from above. "I see you have decided to join my system, Matoi!"

Ryuko glared at the girl on top of the spire. "I'm going to tear your system apart from within, Kiryuin! And you're next!"

"Your friend is gutsy for saying that, Kurosaki." Standing beside Ichigo, as per usual for the past three days, was Nanon. She had quickly learned not to bring up the Satsuki issue, or call Ichigo a strawberry, and Ichigo...tolerated her presence.

As much as a dog or cat would tolerate fleas, at least.

"That's Ryuko for you," Ryu replied with yawn. "More guts than brains."

Satsuki smirked unseen from them. "Very well. I will watch. Your fight club is approved!" The light faded, and Gamagori's posture changed. "I will get you the forms." "Ok, that's a total one-eighty. what gives?" "Once Lady Satsuki gives an order, there is nothing to be done."

He had Ryuko there. His subordinates arrived with stacks of paperwork.

"W-wait… what's with all this paperwork!?" Ryuko questioned in shock, her head darting back and forth between all the stacks of paper.

"As club president, you will be required to sign all of those forms." "Oh COME ON! You're just doing this to screw with me!" Gamagori shook his head. "As tempting as it would be were it not the case, ALL of the clubs must do this. You are not being singled out."

While Ryuko wanted to scream, logic kicked in. School was a bureaucracy, and the club presidents were the bureaucrats. "If it makes you feel any better, Matoi, even Lady Satsuki is forced to do this. She is simply very good at getting it done fast."

Ryuko decided to say fuck it. "I'm not the president! SHE is!" Mako stood to Ryuko's left, silent and smiling. Until Ryuko named her president.

"... WHAT!?" Mako shouted in surprise. "W-w-why me!?"

While Ryuko gave off excuses, Ichigo and Ryu facepalmed. "This is going to fail before it begins." "Ya think? Your friend was screwed from the start, Hisanaga." Nanon smugly crossed her arms, smirking.

"You don't think I don't know that?" Ryu sighed in response. "She just dug her own grave," he pushed off from the wall. "I need to go talk with someone, Ichigo," he said. "If nothing else, make sure she keeps up with her meditation."

"Might as well join her. I could use a break from school crazy." In the end, however, the Fight Club was alive, although it only had two members.

Ichigo outright refused. He'd spar with Ryuko, but prize fighting was not his thing.

Nanon had no reason to join: she was student council, whether or not she was publicly rejected or not.

And Ryu? Ryu didn't care. Still, they all knew why: Ryuko was doing this for Mako's family. It was sweet, in a way.

But they would do nothing to help her. "So, Sunny boy, care to tell me where the hell you're from?" "'Sunny boy'? Where the hell did THAT come from?" Nanon shrugged. "Kurosaki means 'black sun', don't it?"

"Whatever," Ichigo replied. "And no, I don't care to tell you."

"And why not?" "One: not your business. Two: you would try to blackmail me. And three: you can't even get to them. Trust me. I don't even know how to get back." That was a mistake. Ichigo would kick himself later.

"OH. Kicked out, huh? How's it feel being the outcast?"

Ichigo glared at her. "I wasn't kicked out," he growled. "I just can't reach the place right now."

"Oh, come on, tell me the truth." "It IS the truth." Nanon wisely shut up. She had quickly learned Ichigo's 'tones', as she would call them later. This one was 'I'm telling the truth, you idiot' with hints of 'shut the hell up, or what happened to Satsuki will look nice compared to what will happen to YOU'.

She was a musician. She's good at shit like that.

"Uh...sorry."

While Ichigo had to deal with Nanon's stupidity, Ryu was dealing with his own things.

Namely, staring down a group of eight white robed figures, each bearing the five pointed Quincy Cross on their clothes a few miles outside of Honnoji City. "So… what does the Sternritter want in this

place?" he questioned as he stood before them, his uniform jacket missing, not carrying any of his weapons on him.

"Ryu Hisanaga… it is time for your death…" one of the Quincy elite soldiers informed as they all surrounded him. "Abominations like yourself are to be purged from this world, by the order of the Emperor."

Ryu sighed, shaking his head. "C'mon… you have to be kidding me," he said. "None of you guys could be higher than 'L', which, if I remember correctly, is the bare minimum to be coming after me according to the bounty page you guys have out on me."

"We are more than enough to deal with an abomination like you!" another shouted. "We may be the lower ranked Sternritter, but we are more than capable of dealing with you! Especially without your Foci!"

Ryu sighed and shook his head. "Thinking I actually need my foci to fight… is a deadly mistake," he announced in a cold tone, his reiatsu building as he gathered it. "I didn't bring any… because I don't need it to kill each and every one of you."

All of them materialized their bows. Morons, the lot of them. Quincies were not nearly wiped out because of the Shinigami thinking they should be the only ones responsible for Hollows.

No, they were just idiots for goading the shinigami on and on until the shinigami had ENOUGH of their shit.

And now it continued. Only this time, they were stupid enough to take on a fullbringer with links to multiple spiritual clans. The only people that COULD engage and survive would be the captains of the Gotei 13 and their equals.

These morons were cannon fodder. And they were stupid enough not to know it as they opened fire on Ryu.

If this were Ichigo, he would try for the non-lethal option.

Ryu was not Ichigo.

Dust exploded as the barrage of arrows crashed down around him obscuring their vision as they fired for a continual minute. "Cease Fire!" the leader shouted out. "Even an Arrancar would have died under that assault!"

Chuckles echoed over the group as they turn to each others, mouths opening to congratulate one another.

The good mood ended in a second.

"Perhaps one of the lower ranked Arrancar, but none of the ones I've faced weren't so pathetic," Ryu announced as the dust began to settle, showing a glowing barrier surrounding him. "My ***Kifu no Koka*** isn't very strong, admittedly, but I do have other options for defense. ***Kamigami no Kyu*** … Sphere of the Gods."

And at this point, several of the SR shit bricks. Ryu would discover this later.

The rest opened fire. "SHOOT HIM! SHOOT HIM UNTIL HE DIES!" Yeah, like THAT was going to help. The arrows bounced harmlessly off the sphere, and fear became the dominant emotion. "Screw this! Use your Vollständig!"

That wasn't going to help either.

Even as their Reiryoku spiked, more than doubling in power, the Fullbringer didn't flinch, his own power being gathering into the palm of his hand, looking to almost be a pale blue flame. "That will not help you," he informed. "You know how I got that bounty? I fought your precious Emperor, to a draw."

"FIRE!" the leader shouted desperately.

" ***Seishin Nami O Nenshou*** (Burning Spirit Wave)," Ryu called out, raising the sphere above him as the Quincy began to fire.

The sphere exploded into a blaze of light, consuming the fired arrows before slamming into the Sternritter consuming them. The sphere of light expanded for nearly a mile before dissipating, revealing only Ryu standing there.

"Fucking idiots," he grunted, reaching out with a hand. "They should have known there was to big of a difference," pulling his hand he tore open a hole in the air, creating a Garganta to the Hueco Muendo. "And now I'm late for the meeting… Freaking assholes."

Hueco Mundo, the home of the Hollows. 18 months earlier, Sosuke Aizen ruled here, until the bastard was laid low by Ichigo Kurosaki.

Of course, Ryu didn't know that last part. He knew about Aizen's asswhooping, to a lesser degree from Ichigo's less-than-helpful storytelling. He never heard of the asshole from the other Hollows. Still, he was going to find out sooner or later whether or not Hueco Mundo was connected to Ichigo's world or not.

First thing's first, though: he had to get to the meeting.

Looking around, he sent a glare towards a group of Hollows that were trying to remain hidden behind sand dunes. Shaking his head he turned off to the distance and began to move towards a save looking entrance.

"This is a rare event," a somewhat distorted voice commented as Ryu stepped into a cave, several torches revealing what looked to be a library. "You're actually late for a meeting you asked for."

"Sorry, some Quincy decided to try and take the bounty on my head," Ryu explained as he walked through the rows of books, coming up to a humanoid figure who was organizing a shelf of books. "Had to deal with them."

"Quite understandable," the female Arrancar - confirmed by the bone like half-rim glasses on her face - fragments of her old Hollow bone white mask - as she turned to face him, brushing some stray dark blue hair to the side as her golden colored eyes examined him, her body covered with a loose white robe that was open at the front, showing a button up blouse and white pants. "They have been getting rather restless lately."

Ryu smirked as he leaned against a nearby table. "Thanks for agree to meet me, Historian," he said gratefully.

"Of course, what do you need help with?" the Historian questioned, adjusting her glasses, her flat expression unchanging.

"Well, I've met a curiosity, a substitute shinigami," Ryu answered. "Never heard of something like that before, was wondering if you had."

The Hollow hummed in response, looking through her collection of books briefly. "They have appeared occasionally in history," she replied. "They gain their powers by having another Shinigami transfer a portion of their power into a human, but in all occasions, both the Shinigami and the human were killed shortly after, but the Substitute in two of the three occasions have shown fairly weak capabilities barely even having an Asauchi, but if a Fullbringer is given the power, than they are capable of awakening their own Zanpakuto."

Ryu nodded in understanding. "Well that clears some things up," he said grimacing. "Well, thanks for that, you wouldn't happen to have any texts on Shinigami Kido, would you? The substitute I met wanted to learn more on it."

"I do believe I have a text that will be of help for him," she replied grabbing a rather old looking book of the wall. "I am rather surprised by his continued survival."

"That's the other thing, he's not from his reality," Ryu revealed, causing the Hollow to freeze, dropping the book she was holding.

"What?" she questioned flatly.

"Yup, a transportation accident between their Human Realm and the Seireitei," Ryu explained. "Difficult to believe, but he's too powerful to have gone unnoticed for as long as he has if he was from here."

"Amazing… I only heard theories of this but nothing ever concrete," she whispered in awe. "I must research this…"

Ryu snorted, picking up the book she had been handing to him. "Well, if you find a way to send him back, he'd appreciate it greatly," he told the engrossed Hollow who gave a distracted wave of acknowledgement as he headed towards the exit of her sanctum. "Right, talk to you later then."

Back at Honnouji Academy

Ichigo idly read from a WW2 text, Nanon sitting beside him like a second shadow. "You HAVE to have something to do other than stick with me all day. We pretty much know you're trying to spy on us."

Pinky shrugged. "Not really. All I did before was hang around with Satsuki and deal with my club responsibilities." And plan for the eventual 'kill-Ragyo-with-fire' event, but she wasn't gonna say ANYTHING about that.

A tear in the air appeared a few feet away, inside the empty room Ichigo was sitting outside of, Ryu exiting seconds later. "Got what you needed, Ryu?"

"Catch," he called out, tossing a book to Ichigo, Nanon staring in wide eyes shock as the tear sealed itself behind him. "Should help you with learning Kido, and somewhat/"

"HOW THE HELL DID YOU-" Ichigo covered Nanon's mouth. "You wouldn't believe us. That, and it's really not your business."

Using the other hand, he opened the kido book. "Thanks." Ichigo had been wanting to learn kido for a while, but with everything going on, plus the Aizen crap, he never had the chance. "Get into any trouble? Hueco Mundo is kinda wild, if you get my meaning."

Ryu snorted. "Nah, ran into some Quincies that were after my bounty though," he shrugged nonchalantly. "They were *barely* Sternritter and should've known better than coming after me."

Ichigo blinked, uncovering Nanon's mouth. "Stern-what? Uryu didn't say anything about that, and that bastard's all 'pride of the Quincy'." Ichigo knew little about the Quincies, mostly by choice: they fought against shinigami, they destroyed souls and they were living humans.

Pretty much it. Nothing about organizations.

"They're the elite soldiers of the Quincy Emperor - Leonard Yhwach," Ryu explained, rubbing a part of his covered shoulder. "The upper ranks would be equal to… Adjuchas-Class Arrancar, roughly, some stronger, some weaker, but the upper echelon *earned* their rank."

"Like the Captains of the Gotei. And Kenpachi." Ichigo shuddered. That bear of a man was the LAST thing he wanted to think about.

Bastard had been trying to kill him since the day they met!

"Would you two mind telling me what the hell you two are talking about?" Pinky was getting tired of not being in the loop, it seems.

"Girl… you are nowhere near ready for this knowledge," Ryu responded, locking his eyes with her, pinning her in place. "There is far more to the world than what you see, and once that veil is removed, there is no putting it back up."

"Better forewarned and ready." "Pot calling the kettle black, Jakuzure. You're not telling US anything, so why the hell should we?" Petty-sounding? Yes.

True? Unfortunately so.

"I'm gonna go read the book and see how Ryuko's doing. Hope her outfit hasn't drained her to death."

Satsuki was getting tired of Inumuta turning into a statue. It was privately amusing before. NOW it was getting annoying.

"Inumuta!" she barked out authoritively. "Snap out of it!"

"...HOW? Just...HOW?! Is it a dirac sea, a black hole? HOW IS HE DOING THIS?!" While Nanon's closeness to Kurosaki was allowing serious spy work now, all it did make Inumuta turn into a drooling moron.

It was a good thing Sanageyama could only hear him. Less humiliating.

"Enough of that for now, Inumuta," Satsuki growled. "How are the plans progressing for the Tri-City School Raid Trip?"

"Slowly. Once the 'elections' are over, preparations will begin. There is...also a problem." "A problem?"

Images of modified needles appeared on the central monitors. "The gardening club was found to be turned into pincushions with these. They appear to use anti-life fiber technology, which is only available via REVOCS Corporation, as you know."

And the last person to TRY and access anything REVOCS-linked was Inumuta.

Satsuki narrowed her eyes in response. "Do you have anything on the attack itself?" She questioned. "Don't we have video surveillance on every inch of this school?"

"The attacker is as good at avoiding our eyes as Hisanaga and Kurosaki prior to Nanon latching onto him like a shark on a seal." Satsuki briefly entertained herself with a pink-haired great white chomping down on a seal.

It faded quickly. "Continue searching. I want him found. And be quick about it."

Meanwhile

Ryuko ate a few croquettes, trying to get her blood level back up in preparation for the next fight. It was going to be here faster than even she thought.

Like for example, a barrage of needles slamming into Mako, who was happily eating and chatting away next to her, freezing completely in place as he fell over. "Mako!" Ryuko shouted in shock as she quickly pulled out her scissor blade in preparation for a fight.

"Ok, I'm gonna guess you're with the sewing club!"

"There are two things you need to know." The source of the voice approached, revealing a man wearing damn near NOTHING but a combat vest and belts for weapons that looked sewing-themed. His gun even looked like a freaking sewing machine! "One, the sewing club at this school is non-combatant. They make the uniforms and nothing more. And two, I'm not FROM this school. Now, take off the kamui."

Ryuko growled in response. "Why the hell should I listen to you after you hurt Mako for no reason!?" she shouted in response, settling into

the stance she adopted when fighting. "Besides, Senketsu is my partner, I ain't giving him up!"

"Another two things for you to know: one, she's fine. Acupuncture points have put her into a sort of sleep. She'll wake up refreshed and energized. And two..." He pointed the gun at her now. "These needles are more dangerous against that kamui than for a human! So, take it off or I RIP it off!"

"Ok, stripper man, I'll take it off. IN HELL!" Ryuko shouted out as she began to gather her power. ' *Focus, gather the reishi into a shield just above my skin…* ' she told herself as she forced her body to relax, a slight red glow visible for a brief second before disappearing.

Mystery stripper had NO idea what happened and he didn't care, opening fire. His thoughts of this being easy clearly disappeared as the needles bounced off. And she WASN'T in the awakened state.

"This is going to be difficult. But you ARE getting out of that outfit!"

Speaking of strippers, our least favorite teacher was spying on the escalating battle. At the moment, Ryuko was needle-proof, but Tsumugu was not going to give up. It wasn't in his nature.

"Ryuko's been growing stronger ever since she's started training with Hisanaga," he mumbled to himself. "Those needles should be easily breaking through her defenses, *especially* when Senketsu isn't even fully active… just what has she been learning?"

It was only about to get weirder as Ryuko synced with Senketsu, and synced near-perfectly. Whatever she was doing, she was better at being with Senketsu than Isshin theorized she would at this point. Almost like he was a second skin.

And she was kicking Tsumugu's ASS. He was going to have to change tacts.

Ryuko growled as those thread holders she had initially dismissed exploded with the force of a grenade, sending her skidding back along the ground as needles peppered her Kamui and reiatsu hardened skin. "Those won't work on me!" she shouted as she charged out of the dust at the frowning man.

It DID have a cost, though: while Senketsu wasn't draining her blood as quickly as before, she WAS getting drained. She could last about half an hour if she focused. And that was...difficult. She still had a temper, and Mr. Pervert was making her MAD.

Hulk smash mad. And that was NOT a mad you wanted a swordswoman to be!

"Get over here you goddamn pervert!" she shouted angrily. "I'm going to kick your ass like you dad *should* have!"

Tsumugu ran. He had no shame in doing so. Angry woman plus sharp weapon and needle-proof skin equals fuck-this-shit-I'm-LEAVING. Any sane man would flee.

Besides, gave him a chance to lay traps.

Explosions rocked the school, making Ichigo arch an eyebrow. "Ok, who did Ryuko piss off? Gamagori?"

Nanon shook her head. "Nope. His goku uniform is defensive-based. He specializes in counter-attacks." She had no problem in telling Ichigo the secrets of her compatriots . He was probably going to fight the son of a bitch eventually, and blow through him like he did Satsuki through sheer brute force.

No point in keeping THAT secret.

"Hm, maybe it's the other way around?" Ryu asked dryly as he carefully polished a sword shaped medallion attached to a neck chain. "She *does* have a hair trigger."

"MATOI! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU-" The massive man was shot out of the explosion-prone building, still in his un-transformed uniform. "Guess that rules out the giant."

Ryu looked up with a bored expression, sending out a minute pulse of reishi. "No one from this school," he informed. "Hm, Oddly enough, her Reishi is actually quite calm all things considered."

"So...mind explaining what the hell you're talkin' about?" Ichigo and Ryu shared a glance. "Not really." "You two are dicks. And not because you're guys."

Another explosion rocked the school, sending needles in their general direction. And glass. And rebar.

Actually, debris of all kinds came their way.

"Great." Ichigo materialized Zangetsu and Getsuga'ed the debris, not willing to risk Nanon getting hurt.

Bitch she may be, Ichigo was naturally overprotective. Mother bears and wolf fathers have NOTHING on Ichigo.

"Wanna see what's going on?" Ryu asked curiously, looking over to the other two.

"Actually, I AM wondering why Ryuko's making things explode." "Screw this! I'm gonna leave until you two find out what the hell's goin' on!" Nanon ran off, screaming like a banshee.

Which she kinda was.

"So, should I get out of my body for this? Explosions, glass, needles: rather not risk it."

"Bah, I can take care of it," Ryu dismissed. "Besides, I doubt it's anything to worry about."

Ryuko panted heavily. Blood was drained from her body, and she wasn't able to keep up the sync, as well as her reishi shield, leaving her in her usual outfit and vulnerable to attack. "Sorry, Ryuko." "Not your fault, Senketsu. Got too pissed off at the pervert to-" Needles impacted Ryuko's body, paralyzing the young woman.

Yup, she was screwed. Good thing Tsumugu wasn't a rapist.

"Give up your Kamui to me," Tsumugu commanded menacingly as he aimed his weapons at her, she had been difficult to injure at first, but… as the battle waged on, she took on more and more damage.

"Go fuck yourself," Ryuko scowled at him, she *wanted* to use her ***Shakunetsu Fukushu*** on him, but Ryu made her swear a blood oath to never use it on an uninitiated human, even if her own life was at stake.

"You think I'm giving you a choice in the matter." A more rational part of Ryuko's mind realized he was more or less telling the truth.

Too bad that was a VERY underdeveloped part of her mind. "You're taking Senketsu over my dead, worm-ridden body!"

"You've got guts, I'll give you that." At that moment, Senketsu decided to step in, getting off Ryuko and acting like a protective shield.

"Senketsu, what are you DOING?! He's trying to take you away!" Ryuko shouted in worry as Tsumugu took aim.

" **Ryuko… so long as you're alive… then I'll be happy,** " he said with calm determination. " **If I need to die for you to live, that is acceptable for me.** "

"Not happening!"

The nude commando (a redundant term, actually) was more than a bit shocked at the 'conversation' Ryuko seemed to be having with

the kamui. "You...can HEAR that kamui?" Tsumugu lowered his weapon. "But-"

A VERY large and familiar blade ended up near his throat before they heard Ryuko's favorite substitute shinigami speak up. "I'm starting to get sick and tired of people trying to hurt my friends." The mohawk man glanced back, seeing Ichigo holding the khyber of doom to his neck. "The fact that you're nearly naked is worse."

' *What… what in the world?* ' Tsumugu thought to himself as he stared at the weapon at his throat. ' *How… did he get behind me?* ' "Who… *what* … are you?"

"Ichigo Kurosaki. What I am is none of your business. Or your worst nightmare, depending on whether or not you leave Ryuko alone right now." Tsumugu weighed his options. One, he could continue his assault, probably destroy the kamui and definately get his ass handed to him or two, he could retreat, leave the girl and her uniform alone and avoid Kurosaki slitting his throat.

Discretion was the better part of valor, he decided.

"Fine. But keep an eye on her kamui. I WILL be back if it acts up." Ichigo placed the sword on his shoulder, gesturing Tsumugu to leave. Now.

Tsumugu agreed with a silent nod, leaving the room, never taking his eyes off of the orange head until he was out of the room.

"Just a friendly warning," Ryu called out, leaning against the wall next to the door outside of the room. "You make a move against Ryuko again, and it won't be you that feels it," he turned his gaze to lock onto Tsumugu's. "I will dismantle Nudist Beach and ensure each of its members will be sent to the deepest pit of Hell."

THAT threat made Tsumugu actually run. To quote a certain vampire, he pussed out like a bitch.

Ryuko moaned like a zombie, drained of both blood and reiryoku as Ichigo uncomfortably lifted her up in a bridal carry.

"Ryu, do you know anything that can restore her blood levels? Hate to say it, but I don't know shit about healing kido just yet." Or kido in general: he DID just start reading the book, after all.

"Not really, I only know basic first aid," Ryu muttered. "But I know someone who does, let's get Ryuko out of here and I can summon her."

The kamui practically lept and wrapped his sleeves around Ichigo's right arm, making the substitute groan. "Senketsu, don't suck my blood. If you do, I won't be able to carry Ryuko." Of course, Ichigo knew any blood lost was more or less inconsequential, he just wanted the kamui to release the death grip he had on the part-time shinigami's arm. He was beginning to lose feeling in his fingers.

" **Let me get back onto Ryuko,** " Senketsu replied, a serious look in his eye. " **I won't drink any blood, but I won't leave her.** "

Of course, Ichigo couldn't hear him, but the substitute got the message, following Ryu to what he would consider a good place.

Mikisugi huffed as he watched the entire exchange. Kurosaki was not the type to screw around, and Nudist Beach wouldn't be able to take on Hisanaga and live.

He pulled out his secure phone, speed-dialing Tsumugu. " *Yeah?* "
"Tsumugu, it's me. I take it you just had a nasty run in with two gentlemen with a particularly nasty disposition?"

"Bit *of an understatement. Where the hell did those two come from, and how come you didn't warn me about them? Forewarned is forearmed, remember* ?"

"Don't know about Kurosaki, but… Hisanaga is the one who is *tolerating* our presence in Osaka," Mikisugi informed. "Takarada may have the money, but… Hisanaga apparently is the real power in Osaka. And I *did* try to warn you, remember? 'Ryuko is protected, back off' ring any bells for you?"

" *I thought you meant Kiryuin, not some guy with a huge-ass sword and the guy that could wipe us out like he did those assholes a few years ago!* "

While Nudist Beach was well-informed of that incident, they had no clue that the victims were Sternritters that clearly had more balls than brains. No fewer than five of the idiots were practically vaporized, but the fifth left something behind.

His boots. complete with burnt feet.

Unknown to them, Ryu had no idea why that happened, as they all should have been completely vaped.

"Kiryuin - for some reason - is trying to keep those two hidden from her mother," Mikisugi informed seriously. "And for once, I am going to help her with that effort, hence why I didn't talk about them openly."

" *Well, what about the orange-head?* " Tsumugu questioned a frown could be heard in his voice - even through the phone.

"THAT guy we got nothing on. Nothing but his name: Ichigo Kurosaki." Mikisugi chuckled remembering their first meeting outside the class. "He also doesn't like my stripper routine." " *Mikisugi, NO ONE likes your stripper routine* ."

The spy-teacher covered his heart, clutching his chest as if in pain. "Oh, you wound me!"

" *But… what do we do when that Kamui goes berserk?* " Tsumugu grumbled in irritation.

"I'll call you when I've got the answer to that. I'd better go: those three are going to show up any minute, and Kurosaki's a scary bastard when things he cares for are threatened."

" *I've noticed. Good luck, Mikisugi.* " the call ended as abruptly as it began, and the spy mentally prepared himself.

Ryuko, he could deal with. The other two? FUCK THAT.

An empty class (thanks to the no-late day, many no-stars were gone, leaving many classes empty as bottles in the hands of alcoholics) was the best place for Ryu to do his thing.

After Ichigo shoved all the desks into the far end of the room, of course.

"This is a bit beyond Yukihime, going to have to summon someone stronger than her," he muttered to himself lowly as he quickly used a piece of chalk to draw out a circle - bearing what appeared to be single wing within the center of a series of rune. "Alright, here we go… Gabriel… Gabriel… Gabriel… I beseech you… come forth and provide me aid in this time of need."

Ryu repeated the chant, each time he spoke the name the circle he drew out pulsed with a white light before it flash, nearly blinding himself and Ichigo as the summoning initiated.

"You called for me… brother?" a soft, musical voice questioned as the light died down, revealing a unearthly beautiful woman with long flowing blonde hair and compassionate ocean blue eyes, wearing a simple toga that flowed around her form, twelve wings of the purest white sprouting from her back spoke levels of what she was.

"Yes, Gabriel, I need your help healing this girl," Ryu spoke, respect entering his tone as he looked down to Ryuko.

"Of course, brother, I would be happy to help you," Gabriel said, a smile gracing her features as she looked down at Ryuko. "Ah, so this is the one you are now teaching, such a hot head it seems."

"One way of putting it," Ryu snorted as Gabriel began to heal Ryuko with a soft white light.

It was slow, but color returned to Ryuko's features, and Ichigo, leaning by the windows, relaxed. Ryuko wasn't in any danger anymore, so being worried was counterproductive. "Well, she's going to need all the help she can get. Tomorrow's a big day, from what I've heard."

At Ichigo speaking up, the unearthly beauty glanced at the substitute shinigami. "A shinigami. I have not seen one of your kind in quite some time," the woman said, smiling at him.

"And I've never seen yours, though if the name's anything to go by, you're literally the Archangel Gabriel. Kinda weird: the christians all seem to think you're a guy." Ichigo's confusion was actually understandable, as Gabriel was traditionally a very *male* name.

Gabriel sighed in response, placing a hand on her cheek. "It truly is unfortunate that the early men misinterpreted Father's words," she bemoaned. "But, it is neither here nor there, plus it is always amusing to see people's surprise."

Ichigo was surprised, but couldn't really bring himself to care. After all, Yoruichi was a chick, male voice in cat form or not, and THAT was a big shock. Kukaku was almost as bad, although he should have known better because 'ku' was a female suffix for Japanese names.

"Yeah, well, doesn't really matter so long as you can help people, right? And I'm not a shinigami. I'm human."

"But your spiritual energy practically radiates shinigami. With a touch of Hollow and a few other things I can't readily identify." If the

archangel wasn't untold ages old, her confused face would look almost like Orihime's. "So you can't be a human." "I'm a substitute: human with shinigami powers. And a hollow mask, which makes me a Vizard. Sort of. I actually haven't used the mask since Aizen got his ass kicked."

"Aizen… who is that?" Gabriel asked in confusion, tilting her head as she looked at Ichigo with a puzzled expression that was *far* too reminiscent of a certain airhead.

"LONG story. Basically, the asshole tried to take over the Soul Society but I stopped him. All I care about is that he tried to kill everyone in my hometown." And while Ryu only knew Ichigo for a short time, he knew THAT shit was NOT gonna fly.

Bears and wolves would be hard pressed to take ANYTHING from Ichigo that he deemed his to protect. That comparison made Ryu ironically smirk in amusement.

But Ichigo, thankfully, put everything back on track. "So, how's Ryuko?"

"She will be fine with some rest," Gabriel assured. "She will be sleeping until the morning, and be prepared to feed her a whole lot when she wakes up."

"That will not be a problem. Thanks." Gabriel disappeared via blinding white light again, and Ichigo began to shudder. "Remind me never to let her meet Orihime." The last thing they needed was someone who intruded on God's territory to meet one of his servants.

Understandability, it might cause... unneeded problems.

"Huh?" Ryu asked in confusion. "Why's that?"

"She kinda rejects reality and substitutes her own." While that explanation was unhelpful, Ichigo just scratched at his head. "I don't

really know WHAT Orihime's powers really are. I just know that if she's got the reiryoku, she can literally make it like you were never hurt. It's like she's the hand of God or something. You'd need to see it to believe it."

"Hm, it could just be very well that," Ryu pointed out, making Ichigo blink. "It wouldn't have been the first time the Father of Heaven has bestowed a powerful ability onto someone pure of heart in a time of need."

That made sense. Orihime was a kind soul, if a ditz. But ignoring that, Ichigo picked Ryuko up once more, ready to take her home. Her NEW one, at least: a one-star apartment thanks to Mako's new uniform. It WAS an upgrade from the slums, but as Ichigo knew from Aizen (and the Central 46, kinda-sorta) power corrupts.

He just hoped Mako didn't turn into Satsuki.

REVOCS Headquarters

Speaking of Satsuki, or at the very least the demon that birthed her into the world, things were beginning to take shape.

"La vie est drole," Ragyo Kiryuin stated, using the french phrase for 'life is funny', as she watched a recording of two fights, one of a orange haired teen fighting her daughter, and the other of a brown haired man fighting a group of eight white robed men outside of Honnouji. "To this that my own daughter thought she could hide such peals from me."

It actually took some time for Ragyo to get this information, as the student council was VERY good at covering it up. But Ragyo was NOTHING if not good at what she did.

And her grand couture was getting bored, anyways. And while Nui claimed nothing could control her, Ragyo held a great deal of

influence to the point where the girl always did what she asked.

"Oh, Nui, dear?"

"Yes… mama?" a blond haired girl wearing a flower shaped eyepatch questioned as she appeared before Ragyo. "Do you have a game for me?"

"Oh, yes. A pair of children at Honnouji Academy that my dear daughter decided to hide from me. Entertain them for me, will you dear?"

Nui was a psychopath, and Ragyo knew that. but the Emperors of Rome enjoyed gladiatorial combat, so why shouldn't the grand caretaker of the Primordial Life Fiber? Besides, the orange boy might actually give Nui more entertainment.

He engaged Satsuki for over an hour while she used Junketsu, and Ragyo would admit that WAS an admirable feat.

"Really?" said psychopath questioned in excitement. "Can I kill them?"

She eyed the image of the third: a girl who looked VERY familiar. "Don't harm the girl too much. The boys, do as you will."

Nui's smile was far too wide, far too inhuman. Ragyo was glad for that. It meant Nui was beyond them.

Honnouji Academy - the next day

"So, what sort of gruelling fights does Mako have for you today?" Ryuko wolfed down dozens of croquettes before answering Ichigo's question. "A lot. Kinda why I'm eating what I can now."

Warning alarms began ringing in all of their heads, as something very wrong, and VERY fast, approached. If Ichigo cared to make the comparison, he'd use Star Wars. But Ichigo materialized Zangetsu and parried a VERY fast strike from a blonde girl wearing a pink lolilltta-themed dress, wearing an eyepatch over her left eye, reminding Ichigo of Zaraki.

As he made that thought go away, he finally saw her weapon.

A round-handled scissor blade. The other half of Ryuko's weapon.

Even before he completely registered that fact, Ryu moved. "**Seishin no Shogeki** (Spirit Shock)!" he intoned as he slammed a open palm into Nui's side, releasing a burst of Reishi directly into her body, sending her flying into the school. "Ryuko! Get Mako and run, now!"

"Oh-HO! So your name's Ryuko! Pretty, if a little bland." Ryuko stared at the attacker, who had quite quickly, closed the distance once more. The vague outline cleared in her memories. This was her father's killer. It took a boot to the gut by Ichigo to get her out of the line of fire, and Ryu had to throw Mako at the girl for good measure.

Both men studied their new enemy. She was fast, that was for sure. "And who in the name of hell are YOU?" She pointed at herself, reminding Ichigo again of Orihime. A psychopathic and not-ditzy Orihime with a sword. "Who, moi? I'm Nui Harime! But it's impolite to demand someone's name in such a way!" Ichigo wasn't going to bother with subtle.

Actually, for the first time since he got here, he was going to Bankai.

Ryu snorted as he felt Ichigo gather his energy, having an idea of what he was going to do. "No need, *abomination* ," he snarled at the young looking girl, pulling off his sword shaped pendant, when he hit her, he could feel it, this *thing* before him… it didn't have a soul. "I will ensure it."

Nui smiled inhumanly before her expression changed as Ichigo said one word.

"Bankai."

And this was the first time Nui Harime, the inhuman sewer of REVOCS, felt an emotion that she was unfamiliar with.

Fear. And she did NOT like it.

Black reiryoku shot out from Ichigo before he ended up in his new bankai overcoat, wielding the body-length nodachi that was his Bankai. "Tensa Zangetsu."

" **Sword of the Eternal Guardian,** " Ryu called out, pulsing his reishi as the pendant transformed into a full length European broadsword broadsword that radiated power. "I hope you're ready to die."

Ron the True Fan: Well, THIS is going to be entertaining. What's that thing spinning towards the brid-AW, FUCK. INTENSIFY FORWARD FIREPOWA!

DKR: Screw that, I'm going to the escape pod while I still can.

Ron the True Fan: GET BACK HERE, YOU FAT BEARDED BITCH!

(Beeeeeeeeeeeeeep)

Your hosting authors will return once they resolve getting out of that deathtrap.

Enjoy the chapter. See you next time.

Chapter 5

(Both men emerge from the escape pod)

Ron: Ok, beginning to regret these theater things. They cause me nothing but pain. Hmm...Yuuzhan Vong Embrace of Pain…

DKR: If you end up causing *another* Vong Invasion, I won't lift a finger to help you fix it.

Ron: Nope, just another fic idea for another day. But for now, Ichigo and Ryu have a bitch to kill.

Fear. The one emotion you can't escape, no matter how hard you try. It tells you of your limits, warns you of danger.

Nui Harime did not know fear. She knew spite, she knew love, twisted as it was, and she knew happiness.

Fear was a new one. And when she stared at Ichigo Kurosaki and Ryu Hisanaga, she learned that she was just as human as everyone else, because she was afraid of them.

Ryu was restraining himself from charging in full throttle as he stood alongside Ichigo facing the blonde haired abomination. "Ichigo," he said softly to the orange haired teen. "Careful… this… *thing* doesn't have a soul."

"The fact that she practically reeks of all kinds of wrongness kinda told me THAT." Nui didn't know it, but she felt slighted. Insulted. NO ONE did that to her. "I was going to play with you, but you're not very nice." Her grin remained innocent, though she was anything BUT. "But I gotta go catch up with Ryuko, so I'm gonna have to kill you fast!" She struck at Ryu first, giggling all the while as she flew at him at nih-supersonic speed.

Unfortunately for her, Ryu was used to dealing with speeds *faster* that hers as he blocked her sword with his own, throwing a punch right into her face as their blades collided. "No," he declared plainly. "You won't."

Nui was sent flying back, impacting the ground and the wall at a much higher rate of speed. When she came to a stop, she felt a liquid drop from her nose. Nui wiped it, finding it to be red and warm.

It was blood. Nui's blood to be exact. Ryu had made her bleed for the first time.

She was not exactly pleased with that.

"I know your type," Ryu called out as he retook his informal stance. "You've steeped yourself in something outside of humanity, and as such you lost the one thing that separates humanity from the world around it… the soul, creatures like you, that lose yourself in death, murder and destruction deserve only one fate: Death."

Nui's remaining eye twitched. "Of course I'm not human!" She ran out of the ruined building, getting angrier and angrier. "I'm beyond you pathetic meatsacks! And when you die, I'll even prove it!"

Mirthless, mocking, laughter echoed through the area as Ryu threw his head back. "You're mistaken," he told her, a grin adorning his face as he lowered his head to face her once more. "True, the average human is weak," he laughed again as he began to loosen his grip on his power, allowing it to increase the pressure of the area around them. "But within each human is a bottomless well of potential that dwarfs even that of the Father of Heaven, believe me, He confirmed that to me Himself."

Nui snarled. "Potential?! The only things with potential are things with life fibers!" She charged at Ryu, momentarily locking blades with him before the life fiber being was shot away like a railgun projectile. She was also getting tired of that. She was their infinite better! She could conquer them!

So why weren't they falling down and DYING ALREADY?!

She was forced to roll away as Ryu's sword nearly gored her as it flew, looking back at the brunette her eyes widened as she saw him somehow controlling his sword by a length of chain that was attached to the handle and seemed to continue extending without limit as he swung the blade towards her.

"Why can't you just-" A hand gripped Nui's face, and the one good eye found it attached to Kurosaki, who had been sitting on the sidelines.

"I think..." Ichigo seemed to get ready for a leaping jump. "You need..." His left arm went back, and Nui realized he was going to THROW her. "To shut the hell up!" Ichigo threw Nui into the air at a similar speed as Satsuki was.

"Getsuga Tensho!"

Ryu smirked from the ground as the black reishi exploded in Nui's face and retracted his sword back to his hand and began to spin it at a high speed. "If only it was that simple to kill her," he mused quietly to himself. "But, what can you do other than hit it till it dies?"

Ichigo unleashed more black crescents of death, impacting Nui as he fired them off.

Inumuta was broken again.

Satsuki was not amused. She wanted answers as to WHY Hisanaga and Kurosaki were beating the shit out of Nui Harime, and she needed Inumuta to stop freezing like his computer when Nanon used it for...certain activities.

Sanageyama - oddly enough - was the one who solved the situation… by hitting it. "Wake up Inumuta!" he shouted as he slammed his shinai on the hacker's head.

"Gah! What happened?!" Gamagori barely spared Inumuta a glance as he continued watching the ultimate asskicking and answered his question. "Things stopped making sense and you froze again. It stopped being amusing a LONG time ago, Inumuta. Now, I suggest you start figuring out how ***those two rejects*** can kick the living tar out of Nui Harime while ***Satsuki-sama*** can't ***even touch her!*** "

Another explosion was followed by a scream and a falling object, which crashed into the clubhouse. Nui was, of course, the object in question. And she was laughing.

(In Ichigo's reality, a certain man with formally spiky and formally belled hair grinned at the prospect of battle.)

"What is this feeling?" Nui questioned herself aloud as more laughter bubbled from her throat. "Is… this pain? Yes… this is what I felt when the stupid ape took my eye…"

"Oh, dear sweet God, she's going mad." Nui shot up, giggling as she cut into her leg. "More... I need more!"

Satsuki was becoming VERY disturbed. Nui had somehow become a masochist. She was ENJOYING the pain Hisanaga and Kurosaki were inflicting on her. "Those two...THEY can give me more! MORE!"

Ichigo heard her shouts and felt vaguely disturbed. "Ryu, did she just scream for more?"

"Ayup," Ryu affirmed with a nod. "Well, not the worst thing I've heard shouted in the middle of a fight… but it's still up there in the disturbing factor."

Ichigo was reminded of aforementioned Zaraki, who seemed to get off on pain. "What is it with me and running into combat masochists?!" Ichigo's demand wasn't answered, per se, as Nui flew out of the building, screaming only one word. "MORE!" Ichigo looked

to Ryu, who looked somewhat amused and disturbed. "Any ideas? Because getting her off on my Getsugas is not exactly appealing to me right now!"

"Well, I got several," Ryu informed as his sword shrunk back down to pendant size and put it back around his neck. "All save one would cause countless deaths in the surrounding area… the last one…"

"Ryu, we have a psychotic 17 year old that just learned she's turned on by pain trying to kill us. I think I like whatever it is you're thinking of!" Nui landed on the ground, and ran at them, giggling like mad. They would have to deal with her quickly.

"Them start evacuating people if you don't want to end her," Ryu announced coldly as he stepped between the blond and the orangehead. "Because the last option is… unforgiving."

Ichigo did not need any further prompting, rushing off at speeds that could not be matched.

Mikisugi was in the middle of his lecture on the Battle of Kursk when his class disappeared en masse, followed quickly by himself being placed outside the school by Ichigo. "Uh, Kurosaki?" "No time to explain! Crazy bitch in a pink dress!" He disappeared again before Mikisugi pulled out his phone, walking away from the student as to not be overheard before calling Tsumugu. "Come on, you mohawk-headed bastard, pick up."

" *What?* " Tsumugu questioned - obviously annoyed - as he picked up the phone.

"Tsumugu, Kurosaki and Hisanaga are fighting Nui Harime at Honnouji. And winning."

" *What?! How the hell do you know it's Harime?* " Tsumugu question in shock.

"Kurosaki said, quote, 'crazy bitch in a pink dress'. I don't think there are many of those."

There was an unintelligible noise on the other side of the phone. " *This… is unprecedented,* " Tsumugu whispered. " *It was a miracle to* see *her and live, let alone* beat *her.* "

The entire school had seemingly been evacuated, including the student council, whose president was blushing for reasons Mikisugi didn't know.

But he could imagine. He he.

"I'd better go. The Wicked Witch and her flying monkeys are here."

" *Ha! Don't get killed, Mikisugi. Last thing we need is you kicking the bucket thanks to Harime* ."

"Same to you," Mikisugi returned before handing up and look up at at the school where he could feel *something* building up, forcing the hair on the back of his neck to stand up on end. "What the hell is going on up there?"

"Did you know… that while the bible *did* get a couple of things wrong, the Father of Heaven *did* create something in seven days," Ryu stated conversationally as Ichigo disappeared in a blur. "For seven days is how long it took, for him to set up the Big Bang, leading to the creation of the universe."

Ryu rolled his neck, cracking out a couple of kinks as he did so. "He also did create Adam, Eve and Lilith, but there were other gods who created their own humans, and there were those who evolved naturally over the course of centuries," he continued, uncaring about the fact that his audience of one didn't seem to listen. "Eventually, all of them intermingled, and everyone can claim heritage to Adam and Eve, to the humans who were created by the other gods, to those who evolved.

"Personally, I was actually able to trace my own lineage back to Susanoo when he took human form," Ryu boasted. "I probably *could* lay claim to Kusanagi no Tsurugi if I wanted to, but… I actually have something better, forged by the hands of the Father… and wielded by the General of His Legions."

Ryu extended his right arm to his side, jagged lines of light - looking almost like circuits from electronics - sprouted forth upon it, glowing with a power that almost seemed to burn Nui's skin from the proximity. "It has a name, but… I'm afraid no one but those who wield it can comprehend it," he informed, a cold grin on his face. "God's Wrath… given physical form."

With those words, a second sun dawned within Honnouji Academy, sprouting forth from Ryu's arms as the lines of light gathered into the palm of his hand and began to form into the shape of a sword.

Nui began to scream, the blade tearing her body apart. She might've had not had a soul, but those life fibers were making up for it as their unholy makeup was torn apart thread by thread, and he hadn't even swung the damn thing yet.

If proximity was bad, actual contact had to be damningly painful, if the pun was pardoned.

"What...WHAT ARE YOU?! ANSWER ME!"

Ryu laughed in response as he allowed the sword of holy light come to a rest at his side. "I am Human," he informed proudly. "One who has tapped deeper into their potential than any before. Some have called me the Ultimate Fullbringer, others have called me the Ascended One, Emissary of the Gods, Defier of Heaven, and so much more, but the one that I am most proud of is Human."

Nui only realized she was going to die seconds after he said that. And even if she DID survive, it wouldn't be for long. So she began to cry. Try to gain Ryu's mercy.

It may have worked on Ichigo. May have. Ryu was not going to fall for it.

"Yeah, that's not going to work," Ryu told her in cold amusement as he lifted the sword above his head. "Once I called forth this sword, your fate was sealed… but, know this, I don't do this out of hatred, for there are those without souls that I have, and still do, call my friend, and they would never be burned by this sword, for their are righteous beings who casted their soul away to protect something precious to them. I do this, to free you."

It was not cruelty. It was mercy. A brutal mercy, but it was kinder than any fate her unlife had in store. And so, the blade fell. Nui Harime may have been a servant of evil, but that did not mean she was true evil. True evil chose to act like a monster. Nui was only following Ragyo's example.

SHE was the evil bitch.

"I do hope you find a measure of peace within the Flames of Purgatory," Ryu told her, an odd note of kindness filling his voice right before her world was consumed by fire of the purest white, and Nui Harime was no longer within this world.

Ryu let out a breath as the sword of light dissolved into his body once more, its power and light fading from the world.

Ragyo was not going to be pleased. Nudist Beach was. But not that rainbow-haired soulless witch.

But Ryu didn't care about that.

He just had to break the news to Ryuko. He DID just kill the one who killed her father.

"For some reason, I'm not really caring all that much." Ryuko's flat and no-nonsense sentence was uncharacteristic of her. On the other

hand, she wasn't the hothead that entered Honnouji months before.

Ryu gave her a smile. "You have come a long way, Ryuko," he told her proudly as he handed her a wrapped package. "I did find this for you after the battle though, take it, it belongs to you anyways."

The long, unconventionally shaped blade was the other half of her scissor, meant for the thumb had they been normal sized. "Guess I'm gonna need a screw or something, or dual wield them." Ichigo, who was standing off to the side, noticed something missing.

That being pink. "Where the hell's Jakuzure? I thought she was with you." Ryuko shrugged, honestly not caring about the pinkette. "Don't know. For all I know, the bitch s back with Satsuki." And she probably was.

But that wasn't the biggest problem. That was Mako. She'd argued with Ryuko, then had a fight with her, which the Fight Club president won, as Ryuko LET her. Now the girl was depressed, mostly about being guilty towards Ryuko, treating her like a tool.

Ryu let out a loud yawn as they walked down to the very familiar slum clinic of the Mankanshoku family. "Damn… even after all this time it still drains me," he muttered as he looked down at his arm to see the vague outlines of light encasing it.

"So, you used...God to kill Harime. I'd ask if you had any other powers, but Ichigo's the weirder of you both." the Kurosaki lightly glared at Matoi, who was unrepentant.

Ryu was going to need to find out how to get Ichigo back before the Quincies decided to throw caution to the wind and look for the shinigami. Ragyo, he could handle, same with the Sternritter. Both at the same time? THAT was begging for trouble.

"Eh, not quite like that," Ryu denied. "In a metaphysical manner perhaps, but no, the best way I could think of to describe it, is the

Flames of Purgatory given physical form, purifying you of all your sins in a single instant."

"Isn't purgatory a level of Hell? Or was that limbo?" Ichigo wasn't exactly knowledgeable about Christianity. He knew the basics, but other than heaven and hell, he didn't know much. Mako, meanwhile, decided to show off that she actually knew something.

"Actually, purgatory's a place where people too nice to go to hell and too bad to go to heaven go when they die! Like my dad! He steals to make people better, but makes them pay out the wazoo to actually patch them up and..." And now Mako was rambling as usual.

Everything was back to normal. Ish.

REVOCS HQ

Ragyo was mad. VERY mad. Nui, her precious, precious Nui was gone.

That Hisanaga bastard killed her! If that wasn't bad enough, there wasn't even a single thread of the Life Fibers within her body left, whatever the flames that the bastard had used, were far too effective.

"So… Hisanaga started to stop playing around, has he?" a male voice questioned in amusement.

"Nui's gone. He killed her. My treasonous daughter sheltering them in that school are bad enough, but now that my girl is dead?! He murdered her!" She had no clue how much of a kindness Ryu did for Nui.

She also didn't care.

"Do you wish for revenge?" the voice whispered seductively into her ear. "For one who has casted their soul away much like you have… I can give great power…"

"Yes. I want Hisanaga and Kurosaki to die." She wanted Ryu to die as painfully as possible. She wanted to turn Kurosaki's blade against him and bathe in their blood.

"Then all I need…" the voice whispered quietly. "Is you to give yourself to me, and I will remake you into a being of pure perfection."

Ragyo wondered who he was. But realized her ability to care no longer existed. All she wanted was vengeance.

"Take me. I am yours."

The voice chuckled as a circle of dark flames surrounded her in a reversed pentagram. "Then I shall begin," he told her. "My newest pawn."

Hueco Mundo

Books. Books, books and more books. If there was anything the liberian enjoyed, it was a good read.

As, unlike the REST of the idiots, she understood the value of knowledge. Sure, they were the embodiment of emptiness, but they didn't need to be empty-headed. Which was why this substitute shinigami situation was giving her a hard time.

"Stupid Shinigami and their self absorbed supremacist attitudes," the female Hollow muttered to herself angrily as she closed a book and returned it to its proper place before taking out another one. "Things were so much simpler before the Spirit King showed himself and created those Shinigami, I could research this in peace if they weren't around, but then again this situation would not have

happened had they not appeared… still a completely new dimension… this opens so many possibilities."

She would have to meet Kurosaki in person, ask questions. But that posed problems.

Would he act like an atypical shinigami and kill without question? If not, would he have problems speaking to a hollow?

"Perhaps I should pose this question to Ryu?" she muttered to herself as she tapped her finger on the spine of her book. "Yes, that would be the prudent course of action, I shall send a message to him first," she picked up a loose leaf of paper and muttered a few words causing it to fold up into an Origami that then began to somehow fly under its own power. "Take this message to Ryu: I wish to speak to the substitute, but would be adverse to being attacked, is this possible?" With her message complete she opened a miniature Garganta and allowed the paper bird to fly through before closing it.

"I do hope that I will be able to talk to him," she mused to herself. "It would be nice to meet a polite Shinigami."

The shinigami in question was watching as the school began preparations for a so-called 'raid trip'. He had no idea WHAT the hell Satsuki was planning, and judging by the madness surrounding the school, he wanted nothing to do with it.

"So, the queen bitch is doing something stupid. Again." Ichigo scoffed at Ryuko's blunt appraisal of the situation.

"Tell me about it," Ichigo muttered in agreement as he rubbed the back of his neck. "Where the hell did Ryu get off to this time?"

"Something about Stern writers or something," Ryuko informed with a careless shrug. "Hell, after seeing that over there, I'm quite surprised people actually *want* to fight him."

'That' was what could have only been where Nui Harime's funeral pyre was, even a week after the fight with most of the damage repaired, people avoided the massive scorch on the ground, citing something about feeling a small burning sensation on their skin whenever they were near it.

Ichigo, while not well-versed, knew German when he heard it.

He had to deal with Uryu, whose pride could eclipse the sun. And that was something very few things could do.

"Probably something involving Quincies. Sounded German, and all their crap is German."

Ryuko snorted as Ichigo said this. "Not gonna be surprised if he says something about an SS or something."

"Spiritually empowered Nazis…" Ichigo muttered. "Yeah, I think that's the last thing *anyone* needs."

"Yeah, Nazi vampires were bad enough."

Both of the shared a brief laugh at that before Ryu arrived, carrying a paper bird. "Hoi, Ryu. Where'd you get the origami bird?"

"The same person who gave me that Kido book," Ryu informed, looking at the paper bird. "She wants to meet you, but there just one thing, she's a Hollow, a Vasto Lorde Arrancar to be exact."

"And? Clearly you're friends with her. Arrancar are like humans: some are nice, some are complete assholes. I've actually got an Arrancar in Hueco Mundo that I worked with. Her name's Nel." THAT was a good sign for Ryu.

If Ichigo judged by action, rather than by race, he and the liberian would get along just fine.

"Alright then," Ryu nodded in approval. "We can go after classes tonight, what is all the commotion about then?"

"Somethin' about a raid trip or some shit." Ryuko shrugged, honestly not caring about the trip. Besides, she had to deal with Mako's crazy, which was a lot better then dealing with Satsuki, who had little to do, it seemed, with her father's death. "And cause of that, classes were sorta cancelled in favor of loading up for a freaking invasion of Normandy!"

"Raid trip, huh?" Ryu muttered with narrowed eyes. "Well, let's get going now then," he suggested, shrugging. "My friend is anxious to meet you."

"Sure. Let Ryuko hold down the fort." The duel-haired girl 'oi'ed in protest, but if anyone really gave a shit about Honnouji at the moment, it wasn't them. Nui was dead, Satsuki wasn't planning on doing anything to them and the only thing they had to worry about was the commando going commando with the mohawk and their WW2 history teacher that had an odd obsession with stripping in front of Ryuko.

"If you *do* need help," Ryu said holding out a tag for her. "Just channel your Reiatsu into this, it'll summon a member of the Tamamo clan to help you."

Ryuko took the offered tag, continuing to watch the idiots load 'supplies' for the raid trip as Ryu tore open a garganta and her two more seasoned spiritual companions went into the Hollow realm. "RYUKO! HELP ME!"

Senketsu chuckled, looking up at Ryuko's face. " **Looks like Mako has been drafted.** "

Ryuko scoffed in response. "Not for long. I'm takin' her back home," she declared before resolutely stepping forward.

Hueco Mundo

"Gray's Anatomy, Encyclopedia Britannica volumes one through ten, How to Setup Windows 95 For Dummies..." The librarian continued to count off and name all of the books in her collection, sans Kido for Beginners, which was in Ichigo's possession.

"Hey!" a familiar voice called out. "Brought our visitor in for a visit!"

The librarian blinked before turning to face the duo. "Welcome, Ichigo Kurosaki," she greeted calmly. "Many call me the Librarian."

Ichigo looked at the massive library he now stood in. "I wouldn't know how you got that nickname. Thanks for the book, by the way: it's been a great help. Can't do kido for shit, but I'm getting better at controlling my reiryoku."

"I am glad to be of assistance," Librarian nodded, before peering at Ichigo intently. "I must say, it is rather strange to see a *Quincy* Substitute Shinigami."

"...Wait, what? I'm human. Just human, if the substitute thing wasn't a factor. My dad's a shinigami, my mother was human. And she didn't show any signs of Quincy wackiness." By that, he meant 'shit Uryu did to show off'.

Point was, she had no cross and only saw the dead, so, by that logic, she wasn't a Quincy.

The hollow narrowed her eyes at him dangerously. "I have been alive since before recorded history child," she announced. "I know the feel of Quincy, Fullbringer, Hollow, Shinigami and several other species Reishi by heart."

"My mom didn't have a Quincy cross! If she did, that fucking bastard Grand Fisher would be dead instead of her!" While the Liberian was moderately confused by the 'grand fisher' - likely a relatively powerful low-ranking hollow - Ichigo's refusal to say that he was a Quincy meant two things.

One, he was lying, which was unlikely.

Or two, he honestly didn't have a clue.

"Choose to believe me if you wish to or not," Librarian informed with a shrug. "I honestly do not care which, but you have Quincy blood running through you," she studied him closely. "I am curious about a person from another another dimension, can you tell me how you arrived here?"

"I was on my way to the Soul Society using some new invention my mentor made when I was sent here. On that note, the second I get back, I am whooping his ass ten ways to the Seireitei and back for getting me stranded here." Ichigo did sound moderately annoyed at being stuck here, but the Arrancar figured he was worried about his family and whoever was in the Soul Society.

From what Ryu had told her about Kurosaki, events seemed to happen around him.

"Interesting, it may have something to do with the space between realms," the Librarian mused curiously. "There has not been much learned on the realm…"

Ichigo drawled out his thoughts on the situation. "Personally, I think God just likes to shit on my parade." And that was amusing to think about. Ichigo Kurosaki, God's personal chewing toy.

If Lucifer didn't already have that title, it would be fitting. "What makes you think the Gotei aren't looking for you?" "If they were actively looking for me, lady, I wouldn't be here, and I wouldn't be returning your book to you." Ichigo reached into his bag, handing back the book in question. "It's not Shakespeare's sonnets, but it helped. Here you go."

The hollow nodded as she accepted the book and slid it into a shelf. "Thank you," she replied. "Feel free to browse the shelf, it is all related to Kido."

"Thanks. Probably gonna need to, knowing my luck." Ichigo began looking at the book spines before the hollow turned her attention back to Ryu. "Shinigami, Hollow AND Quincy. I must say, Ryu, you've found a living contradiction. the latter two are complete opposites. I'm surprised he isn't dead."

"I think the Hollow and Quincy part cancel each other out, while the Fullbringer and Shinigami parts cancel out as well," Ryu speculated. "Other than that, I ain't got no idea."

"It may explain his control problems. Hollows in general run on instinct and don't need it while Quincy, Fullbringer and Shinigami abilities need actual instruction." It made sense, as the hollow powers were clearly giving him problems with his reiatsu control. Hollows didn't need to hide. Running was pretty much their only real defense against a stronger hollow.

"That could be it," Ryu mused quietly. "I can't think of any better explanations. Do you think you would be able to send him back?"

"It is… possible," she mused quietly. "I will need to do some research and speak to some compatriots."

Sending Ichigo home was going to a mammoth undertaking. To use a sci-fi comparison, like trying to get John Crichton back to Earth. With a bicycle. "Still it is good you brought him here. I haven't had a mystery like this to tackle in a long time."

"Glad to be of help," Ryu replied with a grin. "Not very often I see you stumped about something, that's for sure."

Satsuki had long since given up figuring Kurosaki and Hisanaga out.

Any answers they gained made no sense and only caused more mysteries. And breaking Inumuta was not on her to-do list. They had a raid trip to begin and more soldiers to conscript in their fight against Ragyo. "What is the status of our attack teams?"

"We are just about prepared, Satsuki-sama," Inumuta confirmed. "All that is left is the Osaka team to finalize their preparations."

Osaka was likely to be the largest area of resistance. Nudist Beach had a base in the area, but FINDING it was a royal bitch. Sanageyama was going to have a hard time with the yakuza idiots, but he would be victorious, that she had no doubt of.

And after that, Ragyo was going to get a knife to the face. And after that, they would have cake.

"Satsuki-sama, Osaka team has reported their readiness,"a peon announced over the din of the preparations. "Shall I deploy the teams now?"

"Begin the attack."

"Do you think we should do something about this, Senketsu?" Ryuko asked her Kamui as she watched the trucks full of students drive away from Honnouji.

" **Seeing as Ichigo and Ryu are probably going to get involved anyways, I think that's a really stupid question, Ryuko.** " And Satsuki was probably going to get those two involved in some stupid way.

"Good point. Question is, how the hell are we gotta get and beat them there? We can't fly." While in the canon timeline, Ryuko and Senketsu could do the flight thing, this was not the canon timeline. The times she'd gotten to actually using Senketsu could be counted on one hand: the boxing jackass, the tennis match, Sanageyama and, of course, the nude commando incident.

In short, not many opportunities to synchronize with her blood-sucking partner.

"Hey… doesn't Mako's dad have a motorcycle or something?" Ryuko mused curiously as she tilted her head.

Well, it wasn't much, but bikes were usually faster than most cars. As such, she rushed her ass back to the Mankanshoku Clinic. She had a few asses to whoop in Osaka, anyways.

In Hueco Mundo, Ichigo and Ryu were getting ready to leave, as their visit was as confusing as it was enlightening. Especially for Ichigo, seeing as he thought the only weird parts about him were having a shinigami for a father who was a complete tool 99% of the time and having hollow powers.

NOW he knew he was part Quincy. Screw waiting for Dad to come to terms with telling him: once Ichigo got home, the bastard was telling him everything. He was getting REALLY tired of not being informed!

Ryu scratched the back of his head as he opened the Garganta. "You're looking prissy there, carrot-top." he called out to the scowling Ichigo. "Really don't want to believe you have Quincy blood in you?"

"The only Quincy I know is a prideful jackass who could stand to have his pride taken down a few trillion pegs. My mom, because my dad's the shinigami, was a lot nicer than Uryu could ever be. So yeah, I'm having a hard time trying to reconcile 'kind as all heaven mom' with 'arrogant Quincy who would put an entire town in danger just to make himself feel superior'."

While Ichigo had little dealings with any Quincies besides the aforementioned retard Uryu Ishida, most Quincies from Ryu's experience DID have a massive stick up their ass. So if Masaki Kurosaki was a Quincy, she either didn't have it or pulled the stick out and beat people to death with it.

Ryu gave him a dry look. "Ichigo, you have to remember what Quincy's are," he recommended as he stepped through the

Garganta, Ichigo following shortly after. "Human, and Humans are nothing, if not varied."

Ichigo shrugged. "Still think the superiority complexes of shinigami, hollows and Quincies should be beaten down a peg or twenty. When I started out, I ran into a hollow that put a kid's soul in a bird. And it was an arrogant fucker. I'm happy that he's rotting in Hell right now. Then there's Byakuya Kuchiki, who was arrogance and pride personified until I kicked his ass." Ichigo was silent for a moment before naming the most arrogant Hollow he could think of.

"Nnoitra. DEFINITELY that sexist son of a bitch."

Ryu chuckled slightly as he walked. "Well, you just gotta take it as it comes and remember, there are always the black sheep of *every* species," he commented. "Hell, Metatron - the voice of God? Yeah, foulest mouth you will *ever* meet."

"I like the black sheep. Black sheep aren't trying to actively kill my family."

Sanageyama may have been blind, but even he could tell Osaka was filled to the brim with money loving yakuza assholes. Seeing as those self-same bastards were somehow SHOOTING money at him, he didn't need to see them. And that Takarada asshole was mocking him for being born in North Kanto.

It was like an American mocking a Canadian for being born north of the border! And the second he found the son of a bitch, it was going to be painful.

"Club President Sanageyama! The other teams are reporting good progress in subjugating the other schools!" a random peon announced. "Satsuki-sama has ordered us to begin our attack!"

"Get moving, then! We've got a lot of work to do and Satsuki-sama wants it done fast!"

The plan was simple, but executing it wasn't. After fighting Hisanaga and Matoi and witnessing Kurosaki conquer Satsuki (there was no other way to put that one-sided affair) he was under no illusions that life fibers were the only power in the world.

"Yo, North Kanto monkey!" The swordsman's brow twitched at the voice of the Takarada Syndicate heir, who was on a black and white screen.

He randomly asked WHY all the screens were black-&-white instead of full color. This wasn't the beginnings of television back in the 1930s. Or the era of the Gameboy.

Sanageyama sighed as he looked up at Takarada in annoyance. "Why don't you make this simple for all of us and surrender," he called out in response. "You cannot honestly believe you can defeat us!"

"Cause I got the cash to back me up!" "Oh, screw this! Storm the place! Find that snot-nosed ass and take him out!" The student army swarmed into the school, but Takarada wasn't having any of that, as a similar force stormed out, pushing them back. "Ok, so you can repel goku uniforms. That's interesting, but nothing new."

After Matoi, Hisanaga and Kurosaki, the poor idiots of the student council were forced to accept that. There was also that nudist commando, but he used REVOCS tech against them.

"Club President," one of the flunkies spoke up. "Communication from Honnoji, Matoi is has left and is heading this way."

And cue Sanageyama beginning to panic.

The yakuza wannabe? he can handle the idiot and his moronic troop. Satsuki-sama when she's not in a good mood? He knows how to deal with her.

Matoi and her two boyfriends?

Run like a bitch, FROM the bitch!

But… as much as he *wanted* to run, he *had* to take Osaka for Satsuki-sama's plans against her mother. "Send a message to Satsuki-sama," he retorted - best way to avoid a beating is by hoisting it onto someone else. "Tell her we will need her support soon."

"Yes, sir!" Sanageyama decided to lose himself in the mindless beating of the idiots in the meantime. If Matoi was going to fist him again, he might as well try to keep himself entertained beforehand.

Ryuko's bike ride took a few hours, but the girl wanted to save her energy for the upcoming asskicking Satsuki was going to receive.

That, and if she used Senketsu, his vampiric nature (that being bloodsucking) would leave her unconscious on the ground.

" **Are you ready for this… Ryuko?** " Senketsu questioned in concern, his sole 'eye' turning up to look up at her. " **Chances are… you will be fighting all of them at some point.** "

"Yeah, well, I can handle them. They aren't Fullbringers, and those goku uniforms can only get them so far against a spiritually-empowered human. THese guys might put up a hell of a fight, but they aren't Ryu or Ichigo. I can take them." Her confidence wasn't arrogance, but truth. Ichigo easily dominated Satsuki, and both of them conquered Nui Narime easily.

And she was trained by them, so logically, she was powerful enough to take on the Elite Four.

" **Just remember, arrogance can be your downfall,** " her clothing warned cautiously. " **I agree, we are a powerful force when we work together, but… one never knows what can happen in battle.** "

"I ain't gonna underestimate these guys. I'll be careful." The bike sped up at Ryuko's opening the throttle, closing in on Osaka. 'Satsuki, you're going to LOSE this time!'

While Ichigo was planning to relax, muse over his new-found ancestry and begin trying to find a way back so he could interrogate uryu's dad on all this Quincy bullshit, life, sadly, did NOT want to cooperate.

It all started to go downhill as Ryu froze. "DOWN!" he shouted, an odd note of panic in his voice as Ichigo reacted, throwing himself to the ground, barely avoiding the torrent of black flames that roared overhead. "Fucking HELL!"

" **Quite literally,** " a voice echoing with several others called out as a pair of what could only be demons with their void black eyes and burning black auras.

One of them was vaguely humanoid with wings of flames sprouting from its back and a cloak of black energy enveloping its body, hiding it from view save for a single boney hand that held a leather bound book in its hand.

The second *appeared* to be female with deep red skin and long flowing black hair, a pair of bony horns that arched back across her scalp, leathery black wings and a spade tipped tail, looking like a classic Succubus as she floated a few feet of the ground.

"Ereshkigal, Abraxas…" Ryu growled out as he retook his feet, tension thick in the air. "So… Lucifer sent you two after me, huh?"

" **Oh Ryu, of course he did,** " the female looking one cooed out in what may had been a loving tone had it not been for the demonic taint in her voice. " **After all, you were quite rude to not fully accept the taint he bestowed upon you help in your battle with the Heavens.** "

" **He wishes to collect upon the owed debt, Mortal,** " the cloaked figure hissed. " **You do not make light of a bargain with the King of Hell.** "

Ichigo gave Ryu a look of 'oh, great, what did you do?' as he materialized Zangetsu. "Ryu, would you mind explaining to me what in the fuck you did to have a demon and some kinda prostitute from hell on yours ass?"

While not entirely...accurate, it was true enough.

"I was a desperate kid," Ryu responded with a grimace. "I needed the strength to fight an extremist faction of heaven, and Lucifer offered it to me."

"...Huh. Guess we're not so different after all. Still, I think we should tell the loansharks to piss off, don't you?" While Ryu wasn't surprised that Ichigo would help, he was happy for the help.

" **How rude,** " Erishkigal pouted, looking put out as she looked at Ichigo. " **You should go home, little boy, Lucifer has no interest in you, and you should keep it that way.** "

"Sorry, but I don't give a shit when it comes to protecting my friends. Heaven, Hell, Soul Society or Hueco Mundo: I'll kick all your asses if I have to." Ichigo entered a guard position, more than willing to take on the two demons that, by his rough estimation, were the same level as Aizen when Ichigo dragged his ass out of Karakura 20 months prior.

And if Ichigo used the Saigo no Getsuga Tensho again, Zangetsu would probably kick his ass once he could his powers back.

Next to Ichigo Ryu began to gather his own power, and something more. "Don't hold anything back on these two, Ichigo," he advised. "Give them the chance… and you will cease to be anything even resembling human."

"Didn't plan on it. BANKAI: TENSA ZANGETSU!" Ichigo quickly transited from shikai to bankai before rushing at the succubus, as she seemed to be the more melee-orientated of the two, if that book was anything to go by.

" **How cute!** " The demoness cried as she launched a wave of black fire in response to the attack, an explosion ripping through the air as the attacks cancelled each other out. " **You actually have some strength! You will make a *fine* gift for Lucifer!** "

Ichigo decided not to care about the succubus' lack of decency, continuing to strike at her with a combination of sword and hand-to-hand attacks, managing to actually stagger Erishkigal long enough to swing a full-power Getsuga into her face.

Probably wouldn't kill her, but it WOULD hurt like a bitch.

" **Ahaha!** " Erishkigal cried out in pleasure as the attack struck home, sending her flying back before she quickly recovered, flying back at Ichigo with claws of black flame roaring to life on her hands.. " **Such power… *yes* Lord Lucifer will be most pleased with corrupting you!** "

"Oh, great, another masochist. First Nel, now this bitch!" Ichigo had to use shunpo to dodge the demon's strikes, but all that did was make her laugh harder, like she was enjoying the chase. "What is it with me meeting the weird people?!"

"Who knows?" Ryu shouted in response as he dodged a blast of arcane energies from Abraxas as the cloaked demon chanted in a long forgotten tongue. " ***Kaminari Enko!*** **(Lightning Arc)** " Ryu called out as he underhanded a bolt of lightning that forced the demon to break off his chant in order to dodge.

" **Tell me, human, what is your name? That way I know who Lord Lucifer will be corrupting to join our ranks!** " "how about you go away..." Ichigo's sword glowed black and red before Ichigo fired off

another half-powered Getsuga. "and leave Ryu alone instead?!" Hell was about to learn not to make Ichigo mad.

HIS hell had already learned that lesson from the debacle a few weeks before Aizen was fucked over. THIS one was going to have to learn.

Black flames erupted from Ryu's left arm as a black, organic looking, tattoo stained its way onto his arm, his entire left eye was pitch black. "Die!" Ryu shouted as he hurled a wall of the black flames at Abraxas who quickly teleported out of the way.

"Well, this should be interesting." Ichigo unleashed another Getsuga on the succubus, knocking her around again before he decided to force her toward the holy blade.

This would not end well for Erishkigal. And she knew it.

" **I'm not finished with you!** " she cried out as she corrected her flight to face him again. " **We are not some foolish low class demon who are burned by the presence of that sword.** "

"And I'm still in my body, which limits how much power I'm putting out! Getsuga Tensho!" She managed to dodge this one, but only for Ichigo to close in and run Tensa Zangetsu through her torso, twisting the blade as he pulled the weapon out, the barbs causing as much damage as possible. And while she was no Hollow, a zanpakuto was still a purifying weapon and getting stabbed by it hurt like a whore.

She was gonna be feeling THAT for a while.

" **Ah… yes… this is a great power that will well in Hell!** " The Succubus cried out happily, even as blood poured from her wound. " **Even now… the corruption will begin with my blood.** "

"Oh, hell." If Zangetsu and that Hollow of his were awake, they were going to be PISSED. The Hollow did NOT like intruders in Ichigo's

soul (Muramasa being the ur-example) and Ichigo did not want to know what Zangetsu would do.

He needed to finish this quickly, as he had no idea how this was going to go.

Ryu glanced over to Ichigo and let out a low tsking sound, he *wanted* to go aid Ichigo and purify the corruption, however…

" **You have gained an admirable control over Lord Lucifer's Hellfire,** " Abraxas commented as he launched a series of magical blasts at the transformed Fullbringer who raised a barrier of black flames to block them. " **And I must admit, you have truly mastered that sword of the Heavens, it makes me wonder what other tricks you have and how well they .** "

Oh, no, he was NOT serving that insane bastard. He wasn't a fan of Heaven, but Hell was just as distasteful. So, in the words of one of the wisest philosophers of all time, FUCK THAT.

Abraxas was going to be either back in hell or he was going to be wishing he was back in hell after this next one.

"You want to see another trick?" Ryu asked with a grin as white lines appeared on his right arm, his right eye turning pure white. "How ab **out this one?** " Ryu questioned, his voice distorting as white flames joined black in attacking Abraxas.

As the demon dodged the blasts of fire with a shocked look on his face Ryu began to move into a Tai Chi stance, his two hands engulfed in the flames of Heaven and Hell coming together before him, the two flames merging together into a single grey flame.. " **Pingheng Dian: Sheng Yu Si (Balance Point: Life and Death),** " he declared. " **I unify Hellfire and the Flames of Purgatory into a single flame, one burns corruption into the soul, and the other purifies through flames,** " a grin made its way onto Ryu face. " **I nearly died perfecting this form, and now, you shall bear witness to the fruits of my labour.** "

The demon was not looking forward to this. If Ryu could do what he said he could do, this was not going to be pleasant.

Or he could be obliterated. Whichever came first.

" **Yongheng de Shunjian: Zuihou Beitan (Moment of Eternity: Final Lamentation),** " Ryu announced as he gathered a ball of the grey flame between his hands and compressed it to the size of a marble. " **Goodbye, Abraxas.** "

With those words he launched the flame at the demon who tried to intercept the flame with a blast of arcane lightning only for the magic to split before the fire as it expanded and engulfed the demon in a burning embrace.

Abraxas burned in holy-yet-unholy fire, screaming in agony. Fittingly, the only thing left of him after a minute or so was his spellbook, which quickly turned to ashes.

With that asshole out of the way, Ryu could finally turn to the succubus, and then tend to Ichigo. Thankfully, Ichigo did not need much help. Something much angrier was taking care of his problems.

Inside Ichigo's mind

"OI! ASSHOLES! ABOUT TIME!" A white washed being- "Look, I KNOW what I look like! EVERYONE knows what I look like!"

" *Who are you talking to?* " A bearded middle aged man in an overcoat questioned as he turned away from his current issue to stare at the Hollow/Zanpakuto. " *We do kinda have an issue here other than your…* questionable *mental stability,* " he pointed out, gesturing to the Succubus-like creature that appeared in the soulscape not too long ago.

"If you knew, jackass, you'd be bitching, too!" The 'battle' as it were, had been going on for, in their terms, weeks. And Zangetsu, who happens to be bitching at the authors somehow, was REALLY getting tired of this shit. The Old Man CONTINUED to hold him back and in consequence, hold Ichigo back. Something needed to change.

And it would. Right now.

The manifestation of Ichigo's Quincy powers sighed as he focused on containing the corruption that was trying to leak its way into Ichigo's soul. " *This would go a* lot *easier if you would help me,* " he called out in annoyance. " *This...* thing *is strong.* "

"Then stop holding me back, damn it!" "If I don't, Ichigo will die." "If you keep going like this, then he WILL die! So let go of your chokehold and LET ME DO WHAT I'M MEANT TO DO!"

The Quincy couldn't argue with THAT logic. If he continued to suppress Ichigo's powers, he was going to die anyways.

Keeping him from being a shinigami was good and all, but he forgot the cardinal rule. When Ichigo Kurosaki wants power to protect, he GETS it or dies trying.

Case in point, the Ulquiorra Incident.

The old man sighed as he relented his hold on the Zanpaktou. " *Very well,* " he relented. " *But… see to it you do not harm him.* "

Zangetsu's sword glowed with power. The succubus-creature paled as Zangetsu grinned. "You've barely tasted what I can do. And you're not going to like what you're going to experience."

Erishkigal giggled as she felt the corruption in Ichigo's soul spread. At least until it stopped. And was purged. Violently. " **Gah!** " She

cried out in pain as she backlash of the purging hit her. " **Wh… what was that! No Shinigami's Zanpaktou is *that* powerful!** "

Ichigo spin his massive daito around once, glaring at Erishkigal. "You won't be doing that again." The Psycho shower scene music was playing in her head. As most would guess, this is a sign of 'I'm going to fucking die'.

And Ichigo was going to make sure of that.

Erishkigal scowled. " ***INFERIOR APE!*** " She screeched out angrily as she summoned up a mass of black flames and launched it at the orange haired teen.. " ***YOU WILL BURN FOR THIS!*** "

Ichigo simply extended his glove-covered left hand and swung, batting the flame away. "I've burned before. Getsuga..." Black energy enveloped the blade while the succubus began to shit her pants.

Metaphorically speaking.

This was MUCH more powerful than that last one. In fact, this would do lasting, if not fatal, damage.

Note that there is a difference between 'fatal' and 'mortal'. The former means it could kill. The latter means it WILL.

" ***I WILL NOT LOSE TO A MERE HUMAN!*** " The succubus screamed as she gathered her Hellfire around her body and lunged for Ichigo in one last desperate strike.

"TENSHO!" Ichigo swung, putting out enough reiryoku to take out a high-ranking adjuchas or even a Vasto Lorde in one shot.

The wave made contact with Erishkigal's body, slowly eating away at the fire until it made actual contact with her skin. While she enjoyed pain and got off on it, this was not pleasurable. This was torture.

Sorta like the ball of murder that slowly killed Buu at the end of DBZ, only much, much worse, because she was surrounded.

" **Lord… Lucifer,** " the Succubus whispered shortly before her body, much like a certain pink blob, disintegrated into nothingness.

" **Well I g** uess you had that covered," Ryu called out as he released his hold on the power and allowed the flames to fade back into his body. "You alright?"

"Kinda...No idea where THAT came from, but the succubus is dead, so... Yeah." Ichigo's power was much more regulated. It wasn't the constant outpouring Ryu was used to, but more...contained, controlled.

But Ichigo had just killed a relatively high-ranking demon, which was rather difficult to say the least. This shinigami had a lot hidden up his sleeve, even from himself, it seemed.

"Look, Ichigo, would you mind giving me access to your soulscape?" Ryu requested with a concerned look. "Demon Lord corruption is… dangerous to play around with."

"Uh...sure. No idea how to-"

"I'll take care of the how. I just need a willing soul, otherwise this could backfire." Ryu cut him off as he reach out with a hand and 'touch' Ichigo's aura and 'pushed' himself into it.

Ichigo didn't resist the feeling as he felt himself drawn inward. Mostly from our pissy friend because it took until now to feature himself and his 'counterpart.

"A sideways city, is it… always like this?" Ryu asked as he tilted his head at the sight of the substitute shinigami's soulscape. "Because… I really don't know what this says about your mental state."

"Don't start. Yeah, it's been like this for as long as I can remember coming here." "..." "Look, from what I've heard, everyone's different. I didn't choose the sideways city, you know." Both paused as they

heard something coming at them before Ichigo threw Ryu and himself to the ground. "Great, either Zangetsu's mad or it's that damned hollow!" "Right on both counts, King!"

Ryu stared at the bleached image of Ichigo. "You do know that your teeth aren't supposed to be black, right?" He asked dryly. "There's this amazing new invention that helps with that, it's called a toothbrush."

"Oh, haha, asshole. The last time someone got in here, they tried ripping Ichigo here away from his weapon. Didn't work as planned, because I said it before..." He placed the reverse-colored version of Ichigo's weapon on his shoulder. "I'm Zangetsu." "Bullshit. You reek of Hollow." "That's what happens when a hollow's transferred from one person to another and the transferee happens to become a substitute shinigami. Now that the asshole's finally let me off the leash, I can finally do my job!"

Ryu eyed the hollow for a few moments before nodding. "No Demonic Corruption on him," he announced as he scanned the area around them.

"Seriously? And here I was hoping I could get rid of him." "Get rid of me, King, and you lose your powers." Ryu's senses picked up traces of two things: shinigami and Hollow. As strange as it was...this was Ichigo's zanpakuto.

And not a trace of Quincy.

Ryu's eyes narrowed as he felt the area around him. "Where is the representation of his Quincy powers?" He questioned. "There is one, right?"

"What are you-" "He refers to me." A form landed behind them, standing on a flagpole. The ragged trenchcoat and the sunglasses threw Ryu off for a second, but he knew the Quincy leader all too well.

"And here, I thought you were older than this, Juuha," Ryu drawled, instinctively tensing himself for a fight.

"You know of him. But I am yet am not juhabach. I am simply the power Ichigo did not know he had." "You're my Quincy powers? Then why the hell were you screwing around, acting like my zanpakuto?!"

Ryu could understand Ichigo's confusion. Clear-cut and dry was how he liked to operate. Simple is best and all that.

This was confusing.

"Your primary is still sealed back in your universe, isn't he?" Ryu asked, walking in front of the Quincy representative. "You were trying to keep Ichigo off his radar."

"Of course. I want to keep him alive. Being a shinigami was...counterproductive." "Counterproductive?! You're telling me that protecting my friends, my town, was counterproductive?! Was inconvenient?!" "I wanted to protect you. So I held your powers back."

"I think it's kinda long past holding them back," Ryu spoke up. "If your Juuha is any like the one here… Ichigo is going to need to know how to use his Quincy powers, there are only a handful of humans that stand equal to Gods, Juuha is one of them."

"..." "Hey, you're part of my mom's life, too. I'm gonna be mad at you for a while, but I know how you feel." Ichigo wanted nothing more than to protect.

So the Quincy spirit's crap was partly forgivable. But Ichigo was still going to give him fifty kinds of hell.

"So...do you need to keep looking, because whitie's got a point: the last time someone got in here, it didn't end well."

Ryu shrugged before turning to face the buildings again and focused on a singular spot. "Right here," he announced as he spotted what he was looking for and summoned the barest hint of the Flames of Purgatory to cleanse the corruption. "Corruption from Demon Lords are a tricky thing, very insidious and damned hard to remove unless one uses a divine ability."

"So don't get corrupted again?"

"That would be a good choice, but that was scary. I have not seen anyone clean up that amount of corruption without divine help, complete or not." Ryu sighed as he rubbed the back of his neck. "It's a hard thing to do, cleansing a soul, because you just might end up destroying it."

"Yeah, that'd be bad."

Soul destruction was a generally bad thing. "We should get to Osaka. I think Ryuko is going to need a little bit of help." They HAD wasted over two hours fighting the two demons (the ruler of Hell was going to be PISSED they were dead) and Ryuko was probably in Osaka by now.

"Yeah," Ryu agreed as he began to pull himself out of Ichigo's Soulscape. "We should hurry, who knows what that idiot has done to fight them."

"A giant golden mecha crab."

If Sanageyama could see, he would claw his eyes out. Takarada was a gaudy bastard, to be sure.

"Like that, huh, asswipe? I'm king of Osaka!" "More like king of bullshit. That thing's ridiculous." "So's the idea of uniforms giving ya powah, yet they exist don't they, ya Northern monkey?!"

Sanageyama stared at the golden mecha in shock as Takarada began using his 'Takarada Dollars' to encourage the civilians to fight against him and the Raid group, off to the side he could see Ryuko's own dumbstruck expression. Huh, they were actually in agreement for once, this guy was an idiot.

That being said, she wasn't helping them. Or him.

She was here to deal with Satsuki, as the old saying goes, cut the head off the snake. Without her, the elites would be forced to engage her. Without them, the army had no leaders, and would lose focus.

She watched with bare interest when she felt two reiatsu signatures approach. Ichigo and Ryu were about to join the fray.

Ron: Nothing. Yet I'm reminded of Soulcalibur with all these swords sticking into the ground. I sense badness.

DKR: Meh, Unlimited Blade Works is infinitely more badass than Soulcalibur, Shirou Emiya for the win.

(Thunder sounds before they hear a demonic voice call out one word:
SOOOOOOOOOOUUUUUUUUUULLLLLLLLSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!
)

Ron: Oh, great, Nightmare. Where's Zaraki when you need him?

Ryu: *Pulls out phone and hit speed dial 2* Yeah, Zaraki, got another fight for you, demonic possessed sword, people say that he can *totally* kick your ass. *Hangs up* Selling all tickets, Zaraki vs Nightmare, 2:1 on Nightmare! Place your bets!

Ron: At least I have a cut on the take.

Ja Ne!